Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

An Innocent in Washington

IN CONNECTION with his famous Pleasure Excursion to Europe and the Holy Land in 1867, Mark Twain tells a story on one of his fellow travelers, a young man who had exaggerated notions of the number of people intending to go abroad that summer. Before leaving he stepped into a store on Broadway, in New York, where he bought a handkerchief. When the clerk could not make change the young man said:

"'Never mind, I'll hand it to you in Paris.'

"'But I am not going to Paris.'

"'How is — what did I understand you to say?'

"'I said I am not going to Paris.'

"'Not going to *Paris!* Not g — well then, where in the nation *are* you going to?'

"'Nowhere at all.'

"'Not anywhere whatsoever? — not any place on earth but this?'

"'Not any place at all but just this — stay here all summer.'

"The young man took his purchase and walked out of the store without a word — walked out with an injured look upon his countenance. Up the street apiece he broke silence and said impressively: 'It was a lie — that is my opinion of it!'"

An analogous situation really exists today — except that the focal point is Washington, D. C. Visiting firemen have undoubtedly increased many, many fold, and there are also endless streams of foreign statesmen, domestic business men with variegated axes to grind, writers and hungry politicians, not to mention bankers, who would, perhaps, as leave stay home. So it occurred finally to this bemused commentator that he might as well join the procession.

From a mass of confused impressions only two things stick out in his memory of the trip. One was a street fight. His party had just driven into the maze of curved and chopped up streets bestowed upon the city by Major L'Enfant in his infinite incapacity to foresee the horseless carriage, and had stopped at a drug store to make a purchase and inquire directions. The clerk, courteous but Southern, was doing

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his best to answer questions when he happened to glance toward the doorway. His words trailed off, he dodged out from behind the counter and headed rapidly for the open air. The other clerks followed, as did the few other customers. To New Yorkers this behavior was startling, even after they discovered its cause — which discovery, for want of something else to do in the empty store, they soon made. Across the street one Negro was sitting on another Negro's chest and grasping him by the neck, all too firmly for comfort.

For a minute or a little more it was a tableau: the two figures were motionless and held a clear stage. Then, apparently from nowhere, a multitude gathered about them, milling and jockeying for position. There was a great buzzing of excitement, punctuated occasionally by shrill laughter. Now and then a gap in the spectators would permit a glimpse of the contestants, whose position did not alter. No one interfered with them, and the underdog seemed to make little effort to throw off his assailant. Within a few more minutes the crowd had thickened so that it became impossible to catch sight of the Negroes. There was nothing to do but leave, since the drug store clerks gave no indication of reviving interest in their business.

The fact that Washington newspapers made no mention of the combat is without significance, except perhaps to make it a little doubtful that either combatant suffered extinction. What is interesting is that no one showed any inclination to interfere. In a city so political as Washington it might have been expected that any excuse would be sufficient for drawing sides and waging wholesale battle.

THE other thing was a remark made by one of Washington's most famous newspaper correspondents, which appeared to throw a certain amount of much-needed light on the course of events. He said that things being done now indicated a dichotomous national policy (that was his word for it), although he seemed somewhat less than sure that the President and his advisers realized the fact. On the one hand there were the efforts being expended to restore international trade, stabilization of currencies and political peace, which, if successful, would end our isolationism, even as many optimistic people are hoping. On the other hand there were the industrial control bill, the farm bill, the Tennessee River project and many other matters which would require a closed national economy for success, or at least would tend toward greater isolation.

As Mr. George Gerhard points out in his article on the World Conference in this issue, political tangles are likely to destroy the chances for success at London. Tariffs may not be lowered; there may be no solution of the debt problem; currencies may continue their riotous way up and down the international scale. In which case we shall probably see an attempt made to deal with our problem from the purely domestic angle. The correspondent thought that such an attempt would involve an unrealized amount of suffering over a long period of years, entailing, as it would, the gearing down of our

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production to the level of our own consumptive power.

Dean Donham, of the Harvard Business School, however, expresses a quite contrary opinion. Braving the arrows of the internationalists, he comes out firmly for the domestic solution. The essence of his argument is that we as a nation have no power of control over world markets; that so long as our products sell on a world market they can command only such prices as *laissez faire* (affected mildly in some cases by international agreements) will permit; and that competition in this market must necessarily become progressively keener as the world becomes more mechanized. If, on the other hand, we make up our minds to pay strict attention to the portion of our business concerned solely with the home market, and to balance necessary imports with judicious exports, limiting our foreign trade to that by any means necessary, he feels that we can very quickly raise prices here, readjust our productive apparatus, give the masses an adequate purchasing power and enjoy the greatest prosperity ever imagined. Moreover, he believes that, by thus insulating ourselves from the economic and political struggles of Europe, we shall be doing more for world peace than we could accomplish in a thousand parleys and conferences.

Dichotomy, indeed! The correspondent felt that socialism in some degree was an inevitable concomitant of the isolationist course, and that job insurance, regulation of capital, labor and production would pall on Americans in exceedingly short order. Dean Donham does not mention the dread word, but some of its appliances are implicit in his scheme and the success he foresees for them would, presumably, assuage its sting.

There are tariff experts in Washington (or one, anyhow) who believe that selective tariff arrangements could be made, without increasing competition in this country unduly, which would pay interest and amortization on the debts. Between the pronouncements on policy of close Administration men and Secretary Hull there is no clear agreement. Mr. Hull is an old free-trader. The Administration does not seem entirely to have made up its mind which way to jump — most-favored-nation-ward or toward bargaining. But lately there has been seen a tendency to dampen the too enthusiastic hopes of some for results from the London Conference, and that might be taken as an indication that the Administration feels that bargaining will be necessary — that world solutions are too difficult and Dean Donham's way more practicable.

It will be queer if the Roosevelt who used to believe in the League of Nations and who came into office on the wave of reaction from a decade of do-nothingism, one of whose main tenets was non-entanglement, leads us into completer isolation. It will be queer, but not impossible. Mr. Roosevelt is an active man and if his international conferences do not produce results he will be impelled to try other methods; if the other methods show signs of working, it will be difficult to turn back from them. And in a world so distractingly complicated with logic and illogic there

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seems to be little reason why such methods should not show signs of working, or actually work.

At any rate, in the ensuing months there will doubtless be prodigious new argument over the respective merits of internationalism and isolation. The skeptic will have his usual wide range of choice for belief, his usual incapacity to choose. Meanwhile it might be instructive to consider what a new isolationism would mean for this country. Such a consideration should, perhaps, be left to economic experts, or other persons of great faith, but there are one or two things anyhow which can be safely referred to.

It seems assured that an almost total reliance on the home market would slow down the tempo of production and business. Whether that would entail the suffering predicted by the correspondent mentioned above should really depend on how our system is run. Our skeptic, again, is hard put to it to find a reason why people should work harder than is absolutely necessary, and if those individuals who insist that the home market can be supplied by a twelve-hour week's work should happen to be right, and we had sense enough to make employers stick to that schedule, there should be some other effects besides the usually mentioned increase in leisure. For instance, there should be an appreciable lessening of the incentive to pile up large fortunes.

This is easily inferred from Veblen's arguments concerning conspicuous waste and conspicuous leisure. When every one had so large a portion of leisure for his enjoyment there would be much less stimulus to work for money or a position which would let one out of the necessity of getting to an office at nine and remaining till five. Neither innate laziness nor the desire to appear favored over his fellow men would have so much play. And with wealth necessarily spread more widely (or a decent income, at least), and a far greater number and variety of museums, parks, playgrounds of all sorts and other amusements provided free by the community (which would result from a public construction programme), there should be a slimmer margin for waste to be conspicuous in.

If there is an appreciable lessening of the incentive to pile up large wealth, there ought also, of course, to be an appreciable diminution of graft, attempts to withhold from labor a reasonable income, cutthroat competition, racketeering, political skullduggery and many other phenomena which are thought to interfere with a reasonably happy and prosperous existence.

However, if that seems too Utopian, there is the matter of population shifts. A large movement back to the country has been in process for two years or so, and such projects as the Tennessee River development should certainly accelerate it, with a difference. Up until now the people who have returned to the land have largely returned to poor land, enjoyed inadequate capital and equipment and generally not had too happy a time of it. But if the thing is done systematically, if electric power is provided cheaply and small industry is built up regionally for the benefit of a farm population raising diversified crops and partially occu-

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pied with that industry, something really beneficial should result.

Take the obverse side of the question. There would be little sense in an aggregation of human (and mental) ants like New York City with no foreign trade to support it. The rest of the Union, as has been suggested, might secede from it, or simply draw off its population for more useful pursuits than trading on the stock market or building Radio Cities. Its Greenwich Village culture might profitably (or not) be sown farther afield; its movie theatres never would be missed; its subways, if brought above ground, could be stretched out toward western Pennsylvania instead of leading so inexorably to the Bronx; its magnificent banks could be chopped up into enough marble tombstones to last America for a century. For so efficient an organization as Tammany Hall some use could surely be found elsewhere, though it must be confessed that this commentator is more bemused than ever concerning that subject.

So it goes. Possibly an even brighter picture could be painted of the effects of real international coöperation. Germans and Frenchmen laboring side by side for the world good, Chinese and Japanese doing the same, Americans forgiving their debtors — all in peace and prosperity, instead of merely our countrymen. Whatever doubts the skeptic may have, it must be clear to him that a choice has to be made, and that the alternatives, as they should be, are now only two. Our traditional policy of attempting to enjoy the advantages of both nationalism and internationalism is finished.

Hitler Endorses Marriage

SINCE this subject of nationalism as opposed to internationalism has taken up so much space already (and if the reader has been patient this far), it may be as well to look at Herr Hitler's much-vaunted national recovery bill for a moment. At the time of writing the New York papers have had no more than a sketchy account of the thing. Although they describe it as a "program of many parts," there are only three of its features commented upon: a public works appropriation, a reduction in interest rates on agricultural debts and a marriage subsidy, the last of which is the only one in which many people on this side of the water can be expected to take much interest.

The internationally minded person can consider a country (sometimes even his own) and judge that it is overpopulated, or sufficiently populated; the nationalist, apparently, can think of birth rates only with the idea of *crescendo* as the ultimate desideratum, whatever the circumstances. Therefore, when the Nazis justify their tax on spinsters and bachelors by the fact that Germany's birth rate last year was less than Italy's, there is no reason to be surprised. China may be at the insufficient mercy of Japan partially because her four hundred millions are too closely crowded even in that broad land to be effective, either economically or as a military force, but cannon fodder must always be bred before its efficient uses are considered. There is, in this country, a school of economic thought which lays our frequent periods of prosperity in the past to the fact that our

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population, until late years, has always increased so rapidly. The idea is that every new mouth must be fed, every new body be clothed and housed, and that the wherewithal will emerge from the same obscure source as Ricardo's theory of wages. It seems odd that those violent antitheses, business and war (the business men *will* some day realize that the money which they can make in wartime is too dubious, war's aftermaths too disquieting for their support), should on the two main continents demand the same sacrifices.

Herr Hitler stipulates, in return for the 1,000 mark loan which is his inducement for couples to marry, that the bride must give up her job, so long as her husband earns more than 125 marks a month. This is another of the curious examples which keep cropping up of a recent tendency to make young people choose between sex and industry. The poor overworked skeptic already mentioned so many times has one of his worst efforts trying to reconcile such matters with a painfully clear ideal of the least possible work for every one, compatible with comfort and civilization. Housework is not, say what you will, the most invigorating or noble of human pursuits. Little has been done in the last two thousand years to improve it; more could be if the sort of ingenuity that has been expended on industry were allowed to deal with it. Continue to segregate the work of men and women and the chances of that's happening are greatly reduced. On the other hand, it has been abundantly proven that much work in business and industry is done better by women than by men.

Most people desire freedom above all other things. When they suffer from disease, they want freedom mainly from its symptoms. The doctor's function, at his best, is to subordinate this desire and treat the fundamental causes of the disease. Those thousands of people who have been asking for a dictator to doctor our troubles might not do badly to note that Herr Hitler seems to see no farther than symptoms. His prototype, Signor Mussolini, has looked on the birth rate and found it wanting, too.

W. A. D.

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Can the London Conference Succeed?

By George Gerhard

For all the intricate economic problems there are solutions, but politics also must be dealt with

The World Economic Conference, scheduled to be in session at the time this article appears, is aiming at some sort of economic order for the group of nations involved. Obviously, the achievement of this aim necessitates a certain amount of control, and this is the key to the maze of problems before the Conference: can this control — or shall we call it "agreement"? — be established in spite of the tremendous diversity of national interests assembled at London?

Suppose we had been blessed, back in 1931, with an Economic Control Board possessing exclusive world rights over production and trade and tariffs, gold, currencies and capital movements. Suppose outstanding economists, bankers and statesmen had served as members of the board. Suppose they had been in thorough agreement as to the measures most likely to bring back prosperity.

What would they have done?

In all likelihood they would have dictated five or six decrees, running about like this: (1) reparations and War debts are canceled, thus removing one of the most stubborn obstacles on the highway of international traffic; (2) tariffs are reduced and stabilized at a given level so that international trade and capital movement may flow freely; (3) quotas and exchange restrictions are eliminated for they only block trade exchange; (4) national currencies are stabilized at a fixed ratio; (5) the international currency standard, say gold, is reestablished, as a foundation on which to build international trade commitments and financial obligations; (6) huge public funds are distributed among the consuming classes, through public works, subsidies, bonuses, dividends and the like.

With this set of decrees the stage would have been set for a resumption of world traffic and trade. Increased buying power would have stimulated the demand for goods and led to higher prices. Increased exports and imports would have enabled the debtor nations of the world to obtain an export surplus so that they could meet their obligations. And smoothly

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and easily the tremendous machinery of world production would have settled down to the task of supplying the needs of the people of the earth.

So far, so good. But why wasn't it done? Even in 1931 the economic condition of the world was such that it justified the establishment of an International Economic Control Board. How much more so today! Prices of raw materials and agricultural products have fallen more than fifty per cent since 1929; wholesale commodity prices have dropped more than one-third; world unemployment exceeds by now the thirty million mark; taxes have risen from fifteen to twenty-five per cent; production in many key industries has been cut by sixty and more per cent; the gold standard has been abandoned by about one-half of the nations of the world; most of the other half have introduced exchange restrictions which, in effect, are even more radical than the outright suspension of the gold standard. In fact, there is only one country which, by her own economic strength, is able to maintain the standard, and that is France. Long-term debts have risen in proportion to the decline of prices, and the War debts continue to play a very disturbing part in the economic drama. Rising tariff walls and shrinking foreign trade may be mentioned to round out the scene.

The world missed its chance in 1931. It did not call for a dictatorial control board. It did not even bother much about unifying a disrupted (not to say, discredited) international system. As a matter of fact, if the nations have been conscious of their rôle as mutually dependent world units at any time since the Armistice, they have not shown it. They rather behaved like a man who is dissatisfied with his partner, or a manufacturer who is disgusted with his trade association. They forced exports, they limited imports, they arranged trade facilities, they pushed capital movements, so long as these things seemed profitable. But their belief in the principles of international trade, in the give-and-take doctrine of a new world order, was not very deeply founded. In the main it expressed itself only in sonorous phrases on world solidarity and the common interest.

With polite regret the nations got up from the tables at Geneva and London and Paris, and went home to raise their tariffs, to establish import quotas, to restrict gold exports, to develop home markets and to dedicate themselves to a renaissance of *Autarkie*. One notable exception was Germany — not that she was less selfish than the rest, but that she lacked the means, could not afford to ignore her dependence upon foreign markets. But what she may have missed in the pursuit of nationalistic aims then, she later more than made up under the economic third-degree of Herr Hitler. And while the other nations have in the meantime gone through harassing experiences in their search for national self-sufficiency, Germany is still to undergo hers. While France and England and America and Italy seem today to be more inclined toward some sort of international agreement than has been the case at any time during the last decade, Germany remains full of hope for the national reawakening. She is, hence, the most disturbing factor in this new international

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alignment. True enough, the Hitler speech outlining German policies has for the time being reassured world opinion as to the peaceful attitude of German Fascism, but actions are still awaited to convince the world that the new Germany will march shoulder to shoulder with other nations toward the goal of complete and trusting world coöperation.

Now the nations are back at the conference table. The World Economic Conference is under way. Its programme has been drawn up by the experts who met in a preparatory conference at the end of last year and the beginning of this. Such authorities as Professor Williams, the American financial expert, Professor Rist of France and Sir Frederick Phillips of Great Britain contributed to the recommendations on monetary and economic problems. Since the members to the London Conference will turn to the experts' agenda to guide them in the process of unraveling the mass of monetary and economic problems, it will be interesting to see what they had to say.

Their first advice was that gold should be restored as the common basis of an international monetary system: "The World Conference, in the absence of another international standard likely to be universally acceptable, will have to consider how the conditions for a successful restoration of a free gold standard could be fulfilled." Then they point to "that restoration of confidence without which great hesitation will be felt in taking decisions to return to the gold standard." They believe that to affect this restoration of confidence intergovernmental debts must be settled. In what way they do not say. Nor do they consider the effect of such settlement upon taxes, tariffs and the rate of interest.

The experts make it clear that government budgets must be balanced, that inflation of the currency must be avoided no matter what the cost, that exchanges should be stabilized by liberal credit policies. They do not make clear, however, not even by implication, how this is to be accomplished. It is hard, perhaps impossible, for any government to balance its budget if relief and emergency measures require increased expenditure coincident with declining revenue in taxes and duties. Then again, liberal credit policies have not been lacking everywhere, certainly not in the United States; but so far they have been flat failures. And the drive for inflation arises from declining prices and rising debts; so long as these continue, it is not likely that the agitation of the inflationists will be checked.

So the experts recommend: there is inconclusiveness and cautious restraint on page after page of the agenda. Regarding prices, they state that either costs must be reduced or prices increased; regarding debts, they suggest coöperation between creditors and debtors; regarding international capital movements, they stress lack of confidence and exchange instability; regarding exchange restrictions, they favor wholesale removal.

On the problem of expanding purchasing power throughout the world the experts have not expressly stated their opinion. It is clear, however, that they had in mind that the solution of the economic riddles men-

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tioned above would automatically lead to increased consumption capacity. Better working schedules, minimum wage laws and a more sensible relation between production and consumption would result from the abolition of unemployment attendant upon the removal of trade and tariff barriers and the resumption of a free flow of gold and capital. Whether they are correct in this anticipation has been the subject for considerable debate.

It is a fine document, this agenda, thorough and abounding in economic theories. But what the experts have proven theoretically we have experienced very realistically. We know rather definitely what is wrong, but we don't know how to get out of it. This is one thing which the experts preferred to leave to the Conference.

More important, it is at this point that the Conference is likely to get into deep water. It is true that the conferees have expressed their agreement "in principle"; it is also true that the experts have agreed "in theory." But it has yet to be proven that theory can stand the hard, cruel light of reality, and that agreements "in principle" carry any weight in practice. Past experience does not augur well for the outcome of the Conference. We might remember the "World Economic Conference," held at Geneva in 1927; there also was a "preparatory committee," embracing thirty-five members from some twenty countries; there were dozens of experts, and three score of memoranda. However, there is only one phrase which can do full justice to the results achieved, that is: flat failure. Nothing came of it, and whatever breath-taking resolutions were passed vanished in the maze of committees, assemblies and conventions of one sort or another. Indeed, if it were not for the documentary proof, we should hardly know that the World Economic Conference of 1927 was held.

THE critical turn of the present Conference will come when the various countries are asked to make sacrifices for the common as well as the individual good. Without these sacrifices it is unthinkable that any tangible result will be achieved. A sensible agreement on tariffs, for instance, presupposes the willingness of the nations to lower their tariff walls. The United States, under a Republican Government, refused to do so. Under Roosevelt the prospects have perceptibly brightened. But Germany, England, France and Italy (not to mention the ambitious countries of the Balkan Peninsula) have since 1925 or thereabouts strictly adhered to a policy which would protect and stimulate home interests. The average German pays three or four times as much for wheat which is grown at home as he would have to pay on the world market. German agriculture would be cut in half if it had to compete with foreign producers from the Americas, Russia or Australia. Before the German Government could risk the collapse of a goodly part of the farming industry, it would have to inquire about compensations. Berlin would be sure of strenuous competition from foreign farming interests, it would be sure of loss for the peasant at home; but who could assure Germany that she would easily make up for the loss through increased selling opportunities abroad?

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She might be persuaded, she might be promised, but she would not be guaranteed.

France has made great efforts during the last five years to counterbalance the loss of foreign marketing possibilities (caused by the British and German export expansion) by carefully developing her home market behind high protective tariffs. She has furthermore used these tariffs for bargaining purposes. The bargaining as well as the protective end would be hard hit if France agreed to a straight low-tariff policy.

England's struggle used to be the struggle of an empire. It is no longer so. England has found that it is not even possible to draw tariff walls around what is in name still an empire (though not in fact). If she can not unify her empire tariff policy, if Canada and South-Africa and India and Australia insist on their own tariff policies, which they have developed quite successfully, how does she expect to bring the much larger, much more complicated and much more diversified trade interests of the whole world under one hat?

The multitude of tariff interests and prejudices and policies of the Balkan countries, of Scandinavia, of Latin America, of Italy and Austria and Hungary, of the overseas countries and the colonial possessions of the big powers, further confound this confusion. The experts are well aware of the tariff danger and are "unanimous in affirming the necessity that action for the removal of the restrictions on international trade should be taken as soon as possible and continued on progressively wider lines." But they fail to indicate *how* action should be taken.

Once more it is up to the nations assembled, through their delegates, their experts and statesmen, to find the proper method. Obviously, tariffs as purely economic measures could be dealt with easily. They are, after all, no more than instruments or weapons. But behind them there stand the commercial policies of nations, which are formulated by the sole consideration of economic advantage. It is therefore the *political* approach to tariffs which will furnish the dynamite at the London Conference. Tariffs stand for the economic consciousness of nations; take this away and replace it with an *international* consciousness, and you have the solution.

Almost every one of the issues on the Conference programme may be reduced to the same formula; gold, for example. Gold is an international medium. But every nation will treat it (and has treated it) from the national viewpoint and without the slightest consideration for international repercussions. Gold may be an international standard, but it has never carried any international obligation. Nations have abandoned it, or restricted it to their hearts' content. But, by the same token, there is no reason why they should not return to gold if it can be done with the proper protection of their currencies. This would not mean, however, that we had a better standard than we had before. Gold has doubled its value since 1920, in terms of goods; since 1929 alone, it has increased its value by more than forty per cent. In other words, it has utterly failed as a stabilizing factor in the world's currency system. The disaster may happen again, because

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to the nations of the world the gold standard is a facility, not an obligation.

PAST conferences have failed because they attempted to treat important problems independently from their underlying forces. They have overlooked the fact that economic problems have invariably grown out of political situations, and while they have thoroughly delved into the economic side, they have neglected the political.

If the London Conference falls into the same mistake, it is doomed before the opening address has been launched on a politely listening world. Unless the Conference is willing to take up the French demand for "security," the German drive for "rehabilitation," the Italian cry for "equality," all the resolutions about gold and prices and budgets and tariffs will quickly burn to ashes in the white heat of political agitation. Unfortunately, the latter will be amply represented. Even at the experts' conference at Geneva, the leading men were (1) a Director in the French Ministry of Commerce, (2) a Director in the German Ministry of Economics, (3) the Japanese Financial Commissioner in London, (4) the Secretary-General of the Belgian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, (5) the Chief Economic Adviser to the British Government — all of definite political affiliations.

The London Conference will be made up of about the same calibre of men, though they will be headed by some outstanding statesmen, such as Ramsay MacDonald and Herriot. While we have been told about the economic plans of the conference, we have not been informed how the political controversies are to be settled. Yet, it is the political development of national interests which has created every one of the issues to be taken up at London, from intergovernmental debts and tariffs straight down to overproduction, unemployment and exchange restrictions. The extent to which the underlying political forces are drawn into discussion, and somehow resolved, will determine the degree of success of the Conference.

It may not be amiss, however, to call attention to the intrinsic worth of an international conference, regardless of success or failure. Looking back upon the flow of events since the Versailles of Clemenceau and Lloyd George, one sees the increasing concentration upon nationalistic policies, culminating in the Italy of Mussolini, the Germany of Hitler, the Russia of Lenin and Stalin, the Balkans of Venizelos and Dr. Benes. In the light of these trends, which, from the international watch-tower, must be considered regrettable, the very calling of an international conference is apt to relieve the world of a great burden of anxiety and worry. It proves that the idea of internationalism is by no means buried beneath nationalism; it indicates that there is, in spite of domestic radicalism, an unceasing effort toward international coöperation.

There remains hope, therefore, that, even if the conference falls short of far-reaching results, the door to the poisoning influences of exaggerated patriotism will be definitely blocked. There remains also the trust that future conferences will realize what may be denied to the London Conference.

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Do Farmers "Revolt"?

By Karl Pretshold

The case history of an Oklahoma "riot" seems to indicate, despite newspaper scareheads, that their action is something quite different

Within recent months "farm revolts" have grown increasingly numerous in Middle Western States. Nearly all have been marked by ominous threats of violence on the part of the "farm rebels." Scores of news despatches carried on the front pages of hundreds of Mid-Western dailies have stressed the "ugly mood" which irate farmers have displayed at foreclosure sales or threatened evictions.

In the Middle West the cities are "closer" in thought and feeling to the rural regions on which they depend, and which they serve, than are comparable cities in the East. In many cases, and in many ways, the economic functions of Trans-Mississippi cities are directly bound up with agriculture. One need only think of the flour milling industry of Minneapolis; the stock-yards and packing plants of Omaha. To the Easterner the relation between, for instance, the oil industry of cities in Oklahoma and Texas and the farmers is less obvious, but none the less sure.

As "farm revolts" flash and flare across those States, city dwellers are becoming more and more convinced that the American farmer is "becoming revolutionary" or "going Bolshevik" or "turning red." Many editors, politicians, business men and (especially) bankers feel that the once dependably conservative farmer is ready to "line up with" William Z. Foster and the Communists. Urban Middle Westerners have for decades been accustomed to what they call "political radicalism," but they are not accustomed to seeing groups of farmers defying sheriffs, intimidating judges and threatening to burn down courthouses.

Conservatives are alarmed; liberals hope discontent can be canalized into "constructive reform" and radicals grin and cheer at news of each new outbreak. But all agree that the revolts possess either actual or immediately potential "revolutionary significance."

If an isolated "farm revolt" can have "revolutionary significance" (exhibit the "revolutionary" temper of the men who take part in it), that significance should be apparent in connection with any such revolt in

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Oklahoma. The whole past of the State has been militantly "radical," especially in the farming sections. For years there was a strong Socialist movement in Oklahoma, and lately the Socialists have been staging something of a come-back. The Farmers' Union, proudly proclaiming itself a "class" organization, has both numerical strength and political influence all over the western half of the State. The organized farmers and organized labor (when the State had an organized labor movement) worked together. Old-timers "out in the black-jack country" still remember Pat Nagle and the Tenant Farmers' Union which used arson and Johnson grass as weapons, and had as its slogan: "War to the manor; Peace to the hut."

Recently Oklahoma had its second "farm revolt." A mortgage had been foreclosed on the farm of Sherman Sebastian in Custer County. He was to be evicted. The Custer County Protective Association was called, gathered its members together and, meeting on the Sebastian farm, prevented the sheriff from carrying out the eviction order of the court. The sheriff returned next day and, before the Protective Association members could assemble, evicted Sebastian. Later in the day Sebastian's son and eight other men were arrested on charges of rioting for their part in preventing the eviction the day before.

A friend of mine, who helps edit a Socialist paper in Oklahoma City and who knew some of the arrested men, was going to Custer County to "cover" the story. He also wanted, if possible, to use the "revolt" and arrests as instruments with which to advance Socialist organization among Oklahoma farmers. Hoping that I might get a chance to see the "inside" of a typical "farm revolt," and thus have something on which to base a judgment of the "revolutionary temper" of the aroused Middle Western farmer, I went along.

For purposes of investigation and study, we found conditions which approached laboratory standards. We had planned to drive to the homes of two or three of the arrested men and talk to them there. But, by a stroke of luck, we were able to meet all nine of them, and Sebastian, together. They had been released on bond and were gathered in the office of an attorney to consider plans for their defense at a preliminary hearing.

Action was over. An investigator ran no danger of watching an event and then reading into the action of the participants motives and a significance which might be meaningless to those participants. Because the Socialist editor knew several of the men, we were able to talk with them as friends. No barriers of suspicion or timidity were set up. These men were typical farmers; while they were local leaders (their arrest was certificate of that), they were not "farm leaders" with an organization to boost and speak for, or a hobby to ride, or a following to "hold in line." They could, and did, speak in full and friendly frankness about their activities and their views.

Any one of the nine men would rate the designation "substantial citizen" in any farming community. In clothes, appearance, demeanor, there was a greater difference be-

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tween these men and the tenant farmers or share-croppers of southeastern Oklahoma than there is between a Park Avenue débutante and an East Side shop girl. There was nothing of the peasant about them. Obviously they belonged to the Middle West, that region which is associated in the American mind with ownership of property, a sound educational system and an easy, unaggressive independence rather than a pinched, narrow shrewdness.

A number of the men held minor political office, membership on school boards, township offices. To a city-bred person they were surprisingly alike, and yet they did not lack a fundamental individuality. They were the sort of men whose moral code included the copybook maxims on thrift and industry.

There was a wide and vivid difference between these men and industrial workers — printers, coal miners, factory hands, building tradesmen or railroad workers. At no point in attitude or outlook did they resemble city "proletarians." This was strikingly brought out in our first few minutes with them. Both the Socialist editor and I had, as newspapermen, "covered" strikes and industrial conflicts. A group of arrested strikers would have made merry over their arrest. These men were not frightened, but they were deeply concerned, worried. They were keenly conscious that the charges against them carried a penalty of from two to ten years in prison.

A group of strikers just out of jail on bond would have taken it as a matter of course that their defense in court "would be taken care of." The union would provide lawyers or a "defense committee" would be formed if there were no union. To each man here the question of legal fees was a problem. No one had thought of appealing to the other farmers in the Protective Association to take up collections to defray expenses caused by the arrests.

Most striking of all — these men did not see their arrest as part, a to-be-expected part, of the activities of their Association. That arrest should follow their attempt to stop the eviction of a neighbor was so surprising that it left them bewildered. Not one of them "had ever been in trouble before." A dozen things which strikers would have taken so much as a matter of course as not to require statement had these fellows groggy with amazement.

When the Socialist editor declared that their arrest was an attempt to break up their movement of protest against foreclosures and evictions, they remained silent. They thought it over. Several agreed. They let the idea sink in. Not addressing the editor, but passing the idea from man to man, they allowed, "That's right, they want to bust up our organization." It would never be necessary to tell a group of strikers that their arrest was not aimed at them as individuals but as leaders. It is a commonplace of strike tactics to use arrests to dramatize or symbolize any point or idea which needs dramatizing, symbolizing.

Not a man here had thought of using his arrest as something which might aid in building and widening the power of the Protective Association. An arrested striker is a more militant, more active striker. Arrest is looked upon as a citation, as a

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possible apprenticeship to martyrdom. Here the nine farmers took it very much as a matter of course that their Association activities were over until after their trial. They "weren't getting into any more trouble." They wanted to see action against foreclosures and evictions continue. But the "other boys" would have to carry on. The last thing in the world they wanted was to become martyrs. They had wives, families, property. Certainly a strange variety of "revolutionists."

More in order to clarify their own minds in regard to the consequences of their action than for our benefit, they told the story of the "revolt" which had landed them in jail. They chose to stress the point that Sherman Sebastian, on whose behalf they had acted, was a respectable, hard-working farmer who had come out into this country at the time of the "opening" of the Cheyenne-Arapahoe reservation in '92. He had homesteaded a quarter section of excellent land along a creek bottom. Industrious, intelligent, a "good farmer," blessed with health and the help of a big family (the last two points were not stressed, hardly mentioned), he had prospered and purchased the adjoining quarter section. As one of the nine put it: "He's been out here longer than Custer County."

When the railroad was "put through" he had shipped the first car of hogs ever sent from that part of the Oklahoma Territory. At the World's Fair in St. Louis in 1904, his prize corn won him the title "Corn King of the World." Back when it was possible to find prosperous farmers he had had a substantial fortune. Now, at the age of seventy, that fortune was wiped out. Bad "investments" had been his financial undoing, made the mortgage necessary. Since he was unable to "keep up the interest" or pay on the principal, the insurance company had been forced to foreclose.

Neither Sebastian nor any of the other men objected to the foreclosure; they admitted the justice of the mortgage-holder's seeking such settlement. But they did believe he had a "moral right" to protection against eviction. The insurance company had secured a tenant for the place. The farmers of the neighborhood believed Sebastian had a prior claim to a lease and it was that prior claim which they were attempting to assert when the sheriff tried to evict the old man and his family.

When told that he would have to "get off," Sebastian went to the officers of the Association, explained his plight and asked aid. The officers "investigated the case" and took action. They called the agent of the insurance company in Oklahoma City. He referred them to the regional representative of the company and declared his willingness to "do the right thing." But the regional representative failed to meet with the Association officers on the appointed date. Why, none of the men who were arrested could say.

Sebastian had cattle on the farm, had good pasturage on which to feed them. He objected to the eviction because it would force him to sell his cattle at sacrifice prices and the new tenant would get the benefit of the excellent pasture the one-time owner had built up. Several of the men called attention to this point. Fore-

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closure of the mortgage had been right and proper. But the mortgage-holder had "no moral right" to use foreclosure as an instrument with which to visit further property damage on Sebastian.

All through their account of the "revolt" it was interesting to watch the points which they chose to stress. They were making a case for a property owner and willingly recognizing the justice of the claims against him. They were not against "corporations," or "bankers," or "blood-sucking money-lenders." They were, from their point of view, merely insisting on an "adjustment."

When they gathered at the farm to prevent the sheriff from "putting the old man out in the road," they still hoped to meet with the insurance company representative and "iron things out." The leaders of the men who gathered, these men who had been arrested, were active in small time politics. They knew every county office-holder, had "known them for years." In more than one instance they had discussed questions of public interest with officials, had expressed opinions and had their opinions respected, acted on. Why, they never stopped to ask themselves, shouldn't they talk this matter over with the sheriff and get a delay until Sebastian's case could be adjusted?

They could call up a county commissioner and get delay on repairing a road if their convenience required the delay. They did not realize that the sheriff was not free to delay or exercise his judgment in the matter of "carrying out an order of the court." Why, shucks, they knew the county judge as well as they knew the sheriff. Not being lawyers they saw nothing sacred in a "court order." They *did* see something sacred in a man's claim to the home he had carved out of the raw prairie with the labor of forty years.

County authorities and the farmers who took part in preventing the eviction differ as to what occurred. The county attorney insists the farmers "got rough"; that they "ran the sheriff off." He is quoted as declaring: "The action of the farmers in preventing the sheriff from carrying out his duties was a grave offense against the government." Certainly, to a lawyer, any sort of intimidation of an officer which resulted in failure to execute a court order would be a "grave offense."

But the arrested men insisted, and insisted repeatedly, that there was no violence. They were equally insistent that there were no threats of violence. Therefore, they had not "defied" the sheriff. "We argued with him," one man admitted. "But nobody even raised his voice — well, maybe there was some loud talk. What would we have to get rough about? Why, we all know that sheriff. Some of us voted for him. Helped elect him."

Every man protesting against the eviction gave his name to the sheriff. A deputy took down the names; he missed Bill Connoway and Connoway followed the deputy and insisted his name be put at the head of the list. The names were given so that the sheriff "would know who to come after if he wanted to come after us." Persuaded, or intimidated, the sheriff left without evicting Sebastian.

Any newspaperman who has come in contact with country sheriffs can guess what would be likely to happen were such a sheriff forced to admit to

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a judge that he had "failed to execute an order of the court." The Custer County sheriff reported to the judge, consulted with the county attorney and went to Oklahoma City. There he got tear gas and a submachine gun. Next day he went back to the Sebastian farm and did his duty. Then he and his deputies arrested the nine puzzled and bewildered men on warrants issued on complaint of the county attorney.

REPEATEDLY the men declared and insisted they had done nothing but "help a neighbor." The sanctity of "court orders" was less than meaningless to them. It was a concept which simply had no existence for them.[1] They had never heard of the idea that a judicial writ is something vastly different from an ordinance of a board of county commissioners, or a resolution of a school board. Suppose the sheriff had caught a boy or young man driving while drunk. The father of that boy, and the father's neighbors, could see the sheriff and county attorney and "talk it over." Very likely the boy would be turned over to his father for "good, old-fashioned home punishment" and the whole incident be officially forgotten.

Well, why did nine men have to face the possibility of from two to ten years in prison for doing the same sort of thing in an effort to "save a man's home for him"? These men had been raised in a tradition of pioneer neighborliness. "In the early days" people "out here" had been forced to help each other. If a farmer fell seriously ill his neighbors joined together to see that his crops were cultivated or harvested. At harvest time they aided each other; and made a picnic of the occasion. Years ago, before there were roads and towns and undertakers, neighbors "came in" at a time of death and "sat up" with the dead, built the coffin, dug the grave and "conducted services." No matter what sort of misfortune befell, every family could depend on the help of its neighbors.

This pioneer neighborliness was something more than mere willingness to be kindly. It was strict custom. A man who refused to help when help was needed would "be looked down on." Many of the conditions which had compelled the strict custom have disappeared, but the tradition of helpfulness in time of misfortune is still strong.

To these men no greater misfortune could befall a man than to lose his farm, his home. But to be able to make demands for their aid he must really be unfortunate. That is, the threatened loss must be through no fault of his own. That

[1] The more recent "roadside brawl" at LaMars, Iowa, which resulted in the declaration of martial law in five Iowa counties, seems to have involved much this same sort of difference of attitude toward courts and judges. When his court was "invaded" by a "mob" of irate farmers who insisted on wearing their hats and smoking "in the presence of the court," aged Judge Bradley ordered them to cease smoking, to remove their hats. He would tolerate no such disrespectful action in "his courtroom." J. D. Cope, seventy-five, a leader of the Farm Holiday Association, living near LaMars, in a letter to the Socialist editor about the "riot" declared: "That's not his courtroom. We farmers paid for it with our tax money and it was as much ours as his. The crowd had a perfect right there." The judge was "dragged from the bench," nearly lynched and martial law followed.

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is why the Association "investigates each case." A farmer "over the line in Washita County" faced the foreclosure of a chattel mortgage. His farm machinery, cattle were to be sold. The Association had investigated and found a "good banker" held the mortgage and that the farmer "hadn't done the right thing." So no action would be taken.

They were not "on the loose" gaily "defying law and order" for the fun of the thing. They were trying to uphold a concept of "moral right." That concept had grown up under pioneer conditions; was deeply attached to the idea of property as the creation of industrious, thrifty individuals. Coming into this country when there was nothing but a frontier set down on the raw semi-arid prairie, they and their families had "earned" every bit of property they now owned. The lives of these men stood, to them, as living, vivid proof that property and wealth are created by saving and self-denial.

They saw their own and Sebastian's troubles, the whole question of mortgages, foreclosures, evictions and the results of protest, as a mere matter of the action and attitudes of individuals. They spoke of "good bankers" and "bad bankers" and of farmers who "tried to do the right thing" or, being shiftless, tried to dodge their obligations. Their anger was directed at individuals. They were "sore at the sheriff" because they felt he had "double-crossed" them.

They lacked even the first requisite of the "revolutionary" attitude — "class-consciousness." Nor were these nine Oklahomans alone in their stand. From time to time the Socialist editor receives letters from farmer readers in which they express their opinions about such matters as mortgage foreclosures. One letter, received the day after we talked with the men in Custer County, from a Nebraska farmer was unusually intelligent and articulate.

"The injustice of foreclosures under existing conditions," the Nebraskan said, "is that such sales amount to virtual 'steals.' The mortgagee in such cases will double the amount of his investment within a few years. If land values would remain at their present low levels, the injustice of foreclosures would not be as great. These legalized 'steals' should be averted by staving off foreclosures until conditions become more stabilized."

Yet it would have been easy to read "revolutionary implications" into the action of the Oklahoma men in protesting the eviction.

To accomplish that feat it would not have been necessary to do greater violence to their actual motives than was already being done by the sheriff, county judge, prosecutor and "leading citizens" who were insisting they must be prosecuted on the rioting charges. The nine "rioters" had used the rough and ready, informal procedure of the township meeting of frontier days in an attempt to achieve "justice" and the triumph of "moral right." They now found such informal exercise of the rights of citizenship, such easy reversion to pioneer patterns of thought, might be considered a crime, a "grave offense" against formal law which commands respect merely because it is formal law.

If their protest, instead of being

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the product of local leadership, had been organized by a professional "farm leader," such leadership would very probably have hidden the real intent and motivation of the protest. An agrarian leader of the type of Milo Reno or A. C. Townley could, had either been "in charge" of this "revolt," have taken his leadership as proof that the men "endorsed" his brand of "farm relief." They could thus have been made to appear as advocates of inflation or of the cancelation of farm mortgages or as warriors bent on "breaking the strangle hold of Wall Street."

When the Socialist editor tried to point out to them that the sheriff was acting as the representative of "group interests" (he deliberately dodged use of the word "class"), they agreed — but the agreement was more out of politeness than out of understanding. A moment after voicing hesitant agreement that the sheriff had really acted on behalf of "the bankers," they were blaming what they considered the stupidity of the county attorney for their plight.

A newspaperman, or a magazine writer, more familiar with industrial disputes and strikes than with the pioneer past of this region, would, almost unconsciously, have described their activities in the terminology of "class warfare." By the simple process of describing their actions in terms which might have meaning when applied to a strike of five thousand mill hands, this "revolt" could have been made to appear something other than what it actually was.

Any "liberal" journalist glib in the use of phrases lifted from the vocabulary of the "reds" and burdened with preconceived notions concerning the significance of "farm revolts" might have had a happy holiday with this simple set of facts. Such a one need only permit expressions such as "mass pressure," "direct action," "growing militance," "wide-spread discontent," "united front," "rank and file leadership," to drop into their appointed places in his description and he could rest content in the knowledge that the sleep of any banker who read his words would be disturbed. An insurrection would not only have been created; its existence would have been proven.

CAN conclusions drawn from the examination of a single "revolt" pretend to general validity? Even when the examination was conducted under unusually favorable circumstances? However open to question from a scientific point of view such conclusions may be considered, the temptation to draw them is irresistible.

"Rebellious" Middle Western farmers are not "revolutionists." They are not "turning revolutionary." Caught in the grip of circumstances and complex forces which their education and lives gave them no preparation to understand, they may grow irate and unruly.

They hold to the ideas and ideals, to the understanding and points of view which were imbedded in their minds by the teachings and experience of an earlier and simpler set of circumstances. When, bewildered and irritated, they go on the rampage, or "riot," or merely

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threaten, they are holding fast to those truths concerning industry and thrift and personal responsibility about which they learned in school and church and from experience when their minds were maturing.

In a world of trusts, "finance capital" and international competition, they stand as almost the sole group representing an outworn, outmoded economy of individualistic production and rewards. Failing to see in themselves the representatives of a doomed group, busy with the pressing concerns of every-day life, they do not understand the many schools and doctrines and movements which compete for their attention and support. Naturally inarticulate as individuals they have, as yet, failed to produce a spokesman. And, besides, their case was stated and believed by "everybody" a generation and more ago.

In the Administration farm bill with its complexities and alternatives they find nothing to catch or fire their imagination. They have watched through the years since the War as bills and measures and remedies and proposals for "farm relief" have followed each other and their economic condition has not improved. The Administration farm bill is, admittedly, "an experiment" and they grow impatient at the prospect of being the subject of still another attempt at relief by trial and error methods. Especially so since they can not understand the intricate character of the action which is to constitute the experiment.

Meanwhile the radicals, ranging in political complexion from the comparatively pale pink of John Simpson, national president of the Farmers' Union, to the vivid scarlet of the organizers of the Communist-controlled Farmers' National Committee of Action, have an undoubted advantage on their side. Since they are unhampered by the responsibilities which attend any attempt to make a programme effective, the remedies they propose can be made to appear simple, direct, one-two-three propositions.

Farmers of the Middle West, and those town dwellers whose fortunes are closely linked with conditions in the rural regions put little faith in the farm bill. An individual farmer may have no idea what constitutes the "cost of production" of the crop he raises. But he feels he is entitled to that "cost of production." He is likely to have less than no idea of the difficulties which would attend an attempt to fix a general "cost of production" figure for all raisers of wheat or cotton or hogs. But were such an argument advanced to the farmer he would demand to know if the acreage leasing and crop planting regulations of the Administration bill is likely to be any less cumbersome and difficult in actual practice than an attempt to carry out a guarantee covering "cost of production." Congress has defeated the "cost of production" amendment to the farm bill. It is easier for that fact to stick in a farmer's mind that it is for him to understand the many other provisions of the bill.

All of which does not mean that disappointment will send the Middle Western farmer rushing into the arms of the revolutionists. For generations farm leaders and agitators

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and insurgent politicians have preached the doctrine of inflation, "cheap money" and "an honest dollar." The Farmers' Alliance of the 'Eighties; the Grange in its young and radical days; the Populists of the 'Nineties; the Farmers' Union and the Farm Holiday Association of today all had, or have, inflationary demands in their programmes. Men, now well on the wrong side of middle age, who are "raising hell," can remember that even in their youth inflation was lauded as a sovereign remedy for all farm ills.

The years of preaching and of agitation for inflation have created a solid faith among the farmers in its magic possibilities.

It is in inflation, rather than in carrying out of another "farm relief experiment" that they place their hope. If their condition does not improve, if inflation does not come (and they are shrewd enough to recognize that so far there has been much talk about, no actual, inflation) the radicals and revolutionists may find their thundering preachments received with a heartier welcome and a more willing understanding than they now meet.

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Surgical Crisis

By Paul Horgan

A Story

It was possible to see the river from the corridor that led to the operating theatre at the University Clinic. The bright hall was full of students going toward the doors that led to the amphitheatre of seats, in time for the two-thirty. The young men went through two ranks of glass doors, and found themselves behind the last of five rows of seats. The rows curved sharply around the demonstration theatre, and each was three steps lower than the one behind it.

There was a twilight in the operating room. High narrow windows let early afternoon sunlight into a restricted area of upper air, for the room was very tall. The students took their seats and talked in low voices. They were all robed in white muslin gowns, sterilized and creamy-looking in the reticent light. Below, on the floor, the cylindrical drums of the steam chambers glowed darkly. A faint hissing issued from one corner of the room where the sterilizers were ranged. The shadows were surprisingly thick, rich in reflected highlights, even though everything below the ranks of seats was covered with white — tile, paint, rubber, glass.

It was nearly half-past two. The young men watched the wide door of glass and chromium through which the patient was to be wheeled from the anæsthetizing room. Through that door the surgeons would appear. Doctor Fenimore was famous for his promptness, which was a symptom of the wild control he held over his nerves. The students knew his legend very soon after being admitted to his surgical course. He interviewed each of the aspirants personally, and alternated between an angry skepticism of where the doctors of the future were coming from, and a sentimental fury of faith in all young men who applied for his teachings. All his students accepted his rages with respect. Between rages he was gentle and humorous, and brilliant in their joint work.

At half-past two, the glass doors were swung open by two orderlies in white. An interne and a nurse wheeled the patient in upon a discreetly-tired table. The doors swung and softly rested shut. From the wall where the steam cylinders stood, the operating table was wheeled to the centre of the room. The patient was transferred to it. The orderlies unfolded sheets.

A tall figure in surgeon's gown and

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mask strode through the doors and went to the table. The head nurse held up a bowl of solution in which he washed his gloved hands. He waved them in air, to dry them. He towered above table and attendants. He looked up at the immense dome that housed lights. He nodded briskly. An orderly went to the wall and touched a switch. With appreciable slowness, the twilight was dispelled on the floor. The huge lamps bloomed into light that was flat and piercing upon the operating table and its area. The tall surgeon touched the rows of instruments on the glass tables. He seemed impatient. He coughed behind his mask and looked around. There was a suppression of all movement and sound in the theatre. The students sat leaning forward. It was like a moment at a play, when action is lost in stillness, and a premonitory shiver runs up the lighted curtain.

Then the doors swung open again, and the anæsthetist arrived, at once taking his position on a stool by the patient's head and adjusting his shining cone with its gauze drip. The students began to smell the ether. A few of them gagged behind their hands until they became used to it. They studied the patient, an old man with gray skin and long hair. His body was flat under the covering sheets. His hip bones made ridges under the white.

The tall surgeon leaned, looking through the door, and at once walked to his station by the table. The nurses, the interne and the orderlies seemed to straighten into attention. The students whispered, "Here he comes." The doors opened briskly. Doctor Fenimore went rapidly to the table. He looked at the patient's face. Then he nodded shortly to the assistant surgeon who towered above him, and faced the students.

"No lecture today," said Doctor Fenimore. "Watch."

His voice squeaked. He was short and fat. The apple red of his face showed around the eyes. He lifted his hands to bathe them in antiseptic, holding his elbows up with a fastidious, almost a fussy, attitude. He squinted up at the light that stood in almost palpable beams about him. With his hand, he ordered the assistant to expose the patient and paint the operative area with iodine. The tall surgeon stooped over and began his work. Doctor Fenimore held his hands by his breast, snapping his fingers softly, and watching. When the assistant failed, once, briefly, in deftness, the Doctor held his snapping, resuming a little later. The sound was then like a comment, an opinion. The nurses exchanged looks in the background.

THE old man's belly was exposed, an amazing dark yellow with iodine and white light. Doctor Fenimore took a scalpel. The assistant handled two retractors. The Doctor brought the knife down to the skin, and hesitated. He looked around, as if something were troubling him.

The younger of the nurses began to tremble. He was looking at her. His gaze passed on. It came back to his tall assistant, and the pale blue eyes crackled and snapped behind their brilliant glasses. The assistant nodded politely, an inquiry. The students held their breaths. The interne bit his tongue to keep an exclamation of nervousness.

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Doctor Fenimore raised his elbows again, pulling his gown looser about the shoulders. He seemed constricted, tightened, hemmed-in. The watchers were charged with silence. They knew the symptoms of nerves in their chief, this agony of hesitation before beginning. They dreaded the incision. Even more, they dreaded the crisis of the operation. That was the second hurdle they all had to leap with him, after what terrors of indecision and rage only they knew.

The old man's breathing suddenly sounded loud and liquid. The anæsthetist lifted one of the eyelids and watched the pupil a second. He raised his cone a trifle. The steam hissed with a friendly little sound in the polished brilliant quiet.

Doctor Fenimore sighed. Every one could hear him. He raised his elbows and dangled his plump small hands from the wrists briefly, loosely. Then his grasp on the scalpel became concentrated and he settled the white edge against the wonderful color of the iodine. His strokes were short and serene. Life seemed to be free again in the room. The watchers noticed the rumble of their pulses in their ears, after that fearful suspended moment. The operation proceeded with a classical skill. Perhaps the only ill moments occurred when Doctor Fenimore would pause and fix his assistant with a sharp eye, and then resume. The tall man was slowly becoming unnerved by such blank questioning. He had never operated with the Old Man before. If he only knew it, the Old Man was having stage fright on his account, misunderstanding the new man's silent watchfulness as skepticism instead of embarrassed respect.

The curved retractors lay around the incision now. The students squinted at a perfect entry.

They saw the plump hands begin to probe with flashing delicacy. The assistants closed around as the crisis was sought for, and Doctor Fenimore hung his head, closing his eyes, trusting to the search of his fingers. It was a pure concentration. Once he opened his eyes and twisted a frown at his aide. Then he closed them again. He nodded shortly. He seemed to tighten his intensity. They saw the color deepen around his glasses. The head nurse wheeled the instrument table closer at his wave. He nodded to the assistant to hand him what he wanted. The breathlessness hung again in the room. The patient's throat slaked his breath with relaxation.

The assistant lifted a forceps to Doctor Fenimore.

The Doctor paused. He dropped his free hand to his side, and withdrew his other hand. He bent his fat back in a curve of fury. He took the forceps offered and threw it into the corner of the room where it clinked dismally on the floor. His face faded. The mask against his face blew in and out, making grotesque mouths like a clown's. He began to curse, the ripe, florid curses of a full-blooded temper. Holding his stained hands away from his still spotless gown, he walked to the glass doors and turned and walked back again. His piping voice deepened into a hoarse new tone. The students felt like laughing, horrified because the scene was not in any way funny. The assistant attended to

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the patient, working with gauze sponges and drains. The watchers could see his hands tremble and his face deepen. He was full of scornful thoughts — "Prima donna surgeon!"

The staff licked their mouths, and the younger nurse felt tears of fright in her eyes. Nobody knew how long it would keep up. But it had been indicated with perfect sureness when the Doctor started snapping his fingers softly as he came in.

"What in hell!" whispered the assistant softly to the anæsthetist.

The anæsthetist closed his eyes and nodded secretly, with sympathy, an injunction to think nothing of it. Doctor Fenimore came to the table of instruments and with a precise first finger flicked the perfect rows of knives and devices into disorder. Then he selected a forceps, showing it ironically to the assistant, with a final curse. He stepped back to his place at the table, and held his hands over the incision. They trembled slightly. He watched them. The assistant watched them. The fingers in iodine-colored thin rubber flowed into strict calm again. They fell to their work gently. The students sat back, having to relax. Then they sat forward again, and saw Doctor Fenimore lift his head to the assistant. His eyes were full of a smile.

The plump hands of Doctor Fenimore traveled in precision about their inspired directions. The steam continued to hiss dreamily, and the light changed in the upper corners as the sunlight changed. The staff half-expected it, but the assistant was very much amazed when he heard Doctor Fenimore begin to whistle the waltz from *The Merry Widow*, muffled, ridiculous, behind his mask. But it was full of a reminiscent, a contented, musing ease.

He stopped it suddenly, and the silence suggested further furies. But Doctor Fenimore beckoned the assistant to lean forward and peer. His fingers had just performed a small miracle of control. The squeaky voice, filled with good feeling, said:

"Isn't that beautiful?"

The assistant looked, and nodded. The light poured. Like every one else in the operating theatre, he had forgotten the tantrum in the achievements that followed. Presently the wavery whistle began again, and the faded waltz hissed along with the little let of steam they had noticed all afternoon.

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College and the White Collar

By P. W. Wilson

What employment can we find for the 125,000 graduates now emerging from the campus?

The United States is endeavoring to extend to every citizen, irrespective of social, racial and religious distinctions, a free opportunity to benefit by the utmost measure of education, elementary and advanced, which he is capable of absorbing. By this enthusiastic determination to cultivate the well-being of the individual and the progress of society, education throughout the world, intellectual and physical, has been encouraged, assisted and humanized. The pursuit of happiness is no mere phrase. As Thomas Jefferson foresaw, schools, colleges and universities of every kind are transforming the phrase into fact.

According to the Office of Education in Washington, the public cost of this great enterprise amounts to ten cents a day for every person of voting age. It is an estimate that works out at more than $2,500,000,000 a year. If the revenues of universities, colleges and professional schools as a whole be brought into the reckoning, the expenditure is found to exceed $3,000,000,000 or twenty-five dollars per head of population. Roughly, it is double the corresponding expenditure per head in England and Wales; and we may add a further comparison which no critic of democracy, however cynical, can afford to ignore. For every franc that is spent in France upon educating the citizen for peace, more than two francs are lavished on preparing and equipping him for war. But in the United States, every dollar spent on the army and navy, including aircraft, is balanced by five dollars, spent on schools, colleges and universities.

The Office of Education provides figures that enable us to calculate what is the investment of the nation in the personality of a graduate. During earlier years at school, he costs $67.82 per annum. At high school, the figure rises to $144.03 per annum. College and university, it is reckoned, require $500 per annum — a sum obviously to be regarded as a minimum. If we allow for respective periods of eight, four and four years at these rates, we find that such an education, apart from many incidental expenses, has run away with over $3,000, and this estimate is usually much exceeded. The endowment of educational institutions by wealthy benefactors has been the romance of

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riches. The sacrifices of parents — indeed, of students themselves — have been heroic.

To substitute the student for the conscript, the campus for the parade ground and the dormitory for the barrack is thus not enough. The state, the parent and the student are entitled to assume that, after so considerable an outlay of money, an adequate use will be found for the abilities and resources of character which education has developed. Here, abundant and willing, are the trained reserves of the commonwealth. They are as well trained, on the whole, as any conscript army. They are as courageous and patriotic. What employment, valuable to the world and the nation, is to be found for them?

It is the bitter cry of youth that a fair opportunity is denied. In all respects, academic and personal, the graduate may have an excellent record. But there is no certainty — sometimes it is said, no likelihood — that he will get a job or retain a job when he has it. The revolution that has seized the bourgeoisie in the United States by the white collar may be piecemeal. But for numberless lives, it is as tragic as the fate that has overtaken the Russian bourgeoisie as a class. For a college graduate who has to make some kind of "commencement" in a career, the prospects are a test of courage.

The disaster that has befallen the educated professions is attributed — and with obvious reason — to the depression. Building is arrested. Architects, therefore, and their draftsmen are out of work. Development of industry is postponed. Engineers with their blue-prints are not wanted. Consuming capacity is reduced, advertisements fall off, the press is impoverished and journalists walk the pavement. Publishers dispose of "remainders" at whatever they will fetch in the drug stores and authors are driven to the wall. There are slumps on the stock exchange and the stage loses its patrons. Opera is sacrificed, actors and musicians are not needed. There is a disinclination to consult lawyers, doctors and dentists, who — if consulted — can not collect fees. City taxes fall into arrear. Teachers clamor for salaries. Agencies like the Y. M. C. A. and the Salvation Army — never more needed than in an emergency — are called upon to economize on staff. For peripatetic genius, the lecture platform, once a goldfield, has become a bleak and barren wilderness.

Students, actual and prospective, are thus conscious of a certain misgiving over college. Is it merely a threshold of disillusion? Does it serve as a form of unemployment relief and so postpone the inevitable conflict with the grim realities of economic stress and strain? What is the use of vocational courses if the vocation itself is a blind alley — of the Phi Beta Kappa key if one has to eke out a living as furnace-man? We must survey college and its potentialities in the far-reaching perspective that, of recent years, has resulted from a transition, unprecedented in its range and rapidity.

For statesmen it has not been enough to attribute the plight of industry to a momentary tornado called the depression. The conduct of industry and agriculture has been subjected to a searching diagnosis. Eager for production — so we are

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told — manufacturers overlooked the problem of distributing the commodities produced. So vigorous an initiative, therefore, must be guarded by a wise control. Prices, wages, hours of labor can be left no longer to the chances of a competitive anarchy.

Operating from coast to coast, the education which may be described as the real brain trust of the nation has also to be brought to fulfill its function in a highly organized society. The youth of the United States have been inspired and sustained by a splendid, if deceptive, mirage. In the world of Napoleon, every soldier, enlisting in the battle of life, has been told that, in his knapsack, lies concealed the field marshal's baton of what is held to be "success." To escape from the rank and file of wage-earners, to mount the ladder that leads to the top where always there is plenty of room — this has been and, perhaps, will continue to be ambition of youth. College is the accepted casino where careers are staked, won and lost. To have been to college is to have had a chance.

Any form of speculation, financial, athletic or academic, is infectious to the masses. Millions enter for a sweepstake where individuals only can expect to win the prize that may run into millions. Since this is the gambling instinct of our race, especially manifest in a nation of pioneers, we need not be too much amazed by the fact that in 1929–30, the number of students in the universities, colleges and professional schools of the United States was — men, 604,243; women, 367,341; total, 971,584.

In a country with the population of Great Britain, the student roll, corresponding to 971,584, would be about 350,000. The actual number of such students is 45,000. It means that collegiate life is eight times as highly developed here as there. Allowing for all differences of educational systems and standards, it is manifest that a question must be faced. An apostle of learning like the late Lord Haldane used to declare that Britons were undereducated. Is overeducation also a possibility? There is said to be a surplus of goods. Is there a crowding of the classroom? Are we to conclude that, during a period of spurious prosperity, education suffered from a prevalent inflation?

A COURSE at college lasts, presumably, for four years. Every year, one quarter of the student body, ought, therefore, to be graduated. If, then, the number of students is 971,000, the number of graduations should be 242,000. In fact, it was 100,000 short of that figure. For some reason or another, a large minority of the students — nearly a half — failed to make the grade.

To the student who falls by the way, there has been shown but a questionable kindness. A wage-earner, who without attempting college continues some form of self-education, is only receiving a benefit. But a student who fails and has to return to hand-labor is apt to be humiliated. He has lost time. Possibly he has lost heart. It is difficult to see what he has gained.

The raising of the standard of entrance into college seems to be, therefore, a wise policy. It reacts upon standards in the schools that prepare students for college. Quality is em-

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phasized as well as quantity, and the best is allowed to emerge from the average. The republic is furnished with a real aristocracy, based not on wealth or on birth, but on the ascertained merits of the mind. All that remains to be considered is whether this mind is stimulated at the expense of the body politic as a whole. Is the civilization of the Twentieth Century afflicted with swelled head?

It is officially stated that, of every thousand adults in the United States, twenty-three, or about one in forty, are college graduates. The number of such graduates has been therefore, 1,500,000 and, if the annual recruitment be a graduation of 125,000 students or thereabouts, it is manifest that the glorious company of the alumni must be increasing in number. We have thus to consider at what point, if any, we arrive at educational satiety.

It is suggested that life should be self-expression — that each of us is entitled to paint and exhibit whatever picture suits us and compel the world to look at it. In the Moscow of Lenin, there were said to be 10,000 poets and 5,000 others on part time. In the China of the mandarins, education, prolonged over the best years of a man's life, became a habit as well as a benefit. In countries described as priest-ridden, it is alleged that the number of clergy became at times so great as to be a burden on the resources of society.

Is it time that each of us is entitled, as a natural right, to the career that best suits him? The fact is that pegs can not be all square if holes are often round. Despite the individual and his likes and dislikes, occupations must be adjusted to the needs of society. As a high road to the success that is usually worshiped, colleges will always be overcrowded. Many will be called — few will be chosen. The broad gate where all in a class march abreast will end in the narrow door where one or two only are fortunate enough to be admitted. It is only when the ideal of personal success is subordinated to the opportunities for social service that college becomes worth while for the many.

It is thus possible that credits in college, like currencies in commerce, should be — as Mr. Keynes puts it — "managed." We raise and lower the bank rate. So should the standards of attainment follow, as it were, the market in efficiency.

In surveying the panorama of civilization as it has been elaborated during the Twentieth Century, I, for one, am by no means convinced that there are too many college graduates even in the United States. Many of these graduates are employed in business and bring a broader outlook to bear upon commerce and industry. Everywhere we see that the hard elementals of supply and demand, of profit and loss, are civilized by an atmosphere of welfare and courtesy. Other graduates are wives and mothers. Beyond all contradiction, they, with their luncheons and book clubs, have brought ideas onto the front porches of Main Street.

In the Middle Ages, special vocations were controlled, more or less, by trade guilds and traditional customs. Professions today are ceasing, similarly, to be a free-for-all and are organized by regulation and etiquette into orderly partnerships of common purpose. If numbers are un-

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duly restricted, the public suffers under a monopoly. On the other hand, supernumeraries are of no use either to the profession, to society or to themselves.

It may be that there are too many practising lawyers and many lawyers, therefore, who can not practise. On the other hand, law is a valuable qualification for executive responsibility, not specifically litigious. So with the medical and teaching professions. If it be the aim of society to uplift the weak in body and mind, to bring out the capacity of every citizen to the utmost, there is no reason at all to suppose that the medical and associated professions, however capriciously they may be organized and distributed, are, in fact, overstaffed.

THE situation into which, thus suddenly, society has been plunged far transcends the limits of any particular profession or calling. It should be envisaged as a whole.

First, we have the fact that the number of persons engaged in learned professions and helpful vocations — medical, legal, pastoral, teaching, administrative and the rest — far exceeds the present number of college graduates. In all branches of these various colleges, the qualifications of a graduate, if not yet requisite, are seen to be advisable. Gradually, the standards improvised in the covered wagon are raised by a new and settled generation. The mortality among mothers and infants in sparsely populated areas is but one instance of the need for higher efficiency and more adequate equipment.

Much has been said recently about foreign missions. One of the noblest activities in the educational field has been this patient and disinterested consecration of the best minds and purest hearts to the formidable task of ameliorating disease, enlightening ignorance and vindicating equities in lands where infinite suffering, of every kind, moral and physical, has been the fate of millions. Not a few of the graduates, now wearing out their shoes on the pavement and their souls in penury, have that in them which, suitably applied, would hasten the new deal in Africa and the Orient.

Labor-saving devices have transformed the leisured classes into the leisured masses. The thirty-hour week in plants means that wage-earning is now only a part of normal life. To earn that wage is, by no means, the most skillful of the worker's activities. He has yet to learn the art of spending the time that has become his own.

New industries have sprung up — the radio, the movie, the automobile — which are designed to spend a man's time for him. He listens. He looks. He is propelled. He does not as yet initiate his own enjoyments. The graduates from college have learned what resources of music, of painting, of acting, lie latent in the amateur — the person whose motive for art is love of it. The day is bound to come when such academic leadership will change the entire atmosphere alike of the small town and the big city. For the first time, a nation, as a nation, has listened to the *Allegretto* in the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven. That music does not enter one ear merely in order to escape by the other. It leaves behind it a taste for music beyond itself.

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Finally, we have the simple and unescapable fact that the Federal Government of the United States employs more than a million persons. To this vast army of permanent or temporary civil servants must be added the multitudes who hold remunerated offices in the States, cities and counties. Whatever view be taken of the policy pursued by President Roosevelt, two conclusions are plain. Employment by the community must increase. And it is increasingly important to the community that this employment shall be at once honest and effective.

All over the world — in China, in India, in Italy, in Germany, and even at Oxford, refusing to "fight for King and Country" — youth is insurgent. The insurgency is due to a demand that the capacities of youth shall be dedicated to purposes worthy of this and future generations. In the United States, that demand is audible, and no wonder. No country has ever developed a finer material for organized and employed citizenship. No country has ever treated this splendid material with more persistent contempt. Youth has now a right to demand that the entire Civil Service shall be extended and reconstructed on the basis of merit alone.

A reasonable programme would be as follows:

(1) Division of the country into regional areas. Appointment within those areas of Civil Service Commissioners, politically irremovable and including distinguished presidents of colleges or other educationists of unquestioned prestige.

(2) Formulation by the Civil Service Commissioners of Federal regulations, including, amending and broadening regulations now in force.

(3) Grant of permanent status, with pension, to all civil servants, now holding positions, irrespective of how those positions were conferred or, within reason, have been administered. But insistence on strict fidelity to public trust for the future.

(4) Reservation of all vacancies for colleges and universities. Such vacancies to be filled according to public examination and any tests that the Civil Service Commissioners may deem to be advisable.

(5) All cases of discipline or complaint to be referred to the Civil Service Commissioners whose judicial decision shall be final. The aim would be security of the official against unreasonable attacks but adequate correction of proved delinquency.

(6) An opportunity for all State, county and civic authorities to take their local Civil Service out of politics and make use, if it is wished, of the Federal selection of qualified graduates. This would enable public opinion in any particular city to concentrate agitation for reform on the direct issue — academic or political qualification for the Civil Service.

(7) Civil servants, thus assured of permanent tenure, would be debarred from partisan activities, whether on press or platform.

Such a programme is a debt long due from the politician to the students and graduates of the high schools, colleges and universities of this country. The finances of the nation suggest, as an imperative necessity, that the payment of the debt be no longer deferred.

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The Lame Duck's Limping Relative

By James G. Harbord

Who proposes, as a corollary of the Twentieth Amendment, that we shorten by half our Presidential campaigning

When the "lame duck" session of Congress waddled out of the political scene with the recent ratification of the Twentieth Amendment, it left a limping relative. The unnecessarily prolonged campaign by which the United States elects its President fairly squawks for reform. Like the "lame duck" session, it traces its ancestry to the days of pioneer America. We have to look in museums today for the stage coaches and the first wheezing railroad trains of a hundred years ago that set the precedent for the campaign's length. But the long and costly roll of the political bandwagon still is with us every four years.

Delegates speed to national party conventions in mile-a-minute trains. A successful candidate flies half-way across the continent in a few hours to accept his nomination. Reports of every important move at the gatherings are flashed telegraphically by press associations to newspapers throughout the world. Cowboys on the range and motorists speeding along smooth transcontinental highways listen to the convention speech-making and the balloting through radio receiving sets. All those things happen in the early summer of the Presidential years — instead of the early fall — because most American roads were unpaved and rutty trails a hundred years ago, because the railroad then just had made its first stumbling start, because the telegraph, airplane, motor car and radio had not been invented, and it took weeks for news of even such an important event as the nomination of a Presidential candidate to seep through to our backwoods.

So firm is the hold of tradition upon us that years of agitation were necessary before the Twentieth Amendment was adopted, setting the date of the inauguration of the new President on January 20 to shorten the transition period between the old and new administrations. The political reform here suggested would shorten similarly the period between

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the nominating conventions at which the candidates for President are selected and the date of the election. Important as it would be, it could be accomplished without either reference to the Constitution or new legislation. The national committees of the major political parties merely would need to set the dates of the conventions in September, rather than in June.

THE enormous cost of the quadrennial confusion of the prolonged political canvass, which we seem to have added as a third of the inevitables, along with death and taxes, is the strongest argument against it. It is costly to members of both parties and more costly still to business in general, which feels impelled toward an unusual reticence while Presidential campaigning is in progress. Our business leaders of Democratic predilection assert that the country will go to the bow-wows if a Republican is elected, and our Republicans radiate the same optimism over the prospect of having a Democrat entrenched on the upper end of Pennsylvania Avenue. The result, irrespective of normal economic trends, is an artificial business stalemate every four years. The campaign of last year did not offer as striking an example as usual of that condition, only because business already had been passing through an unusual depression for two and one-half years.

The average campaign year business reluctance, however, is not political trickery, as has often been charged, not hearsay, nor is it a Twentieth Century innovation, the result of complicated business structures or widespread stock ownership such as we have today. Nevertheless, until it was overshadowed by the world depression which is still with us, it has been even more pronounced in the last decade, which has witnessed the closer and closer interrelationship between the Government and business.

Even though there was little business enthusiasm left to discourage in 1932, the last Presidential campaign presented some new problems which made it doubtful whether the game should be played according to the old rules. One of these problems related to the obtaining and expenditure of campaign money. It has been my experience to participate in some fund-raising activities for my own party and I can testify that it is not easy to finance a Presidential canvass even in the most prosperous business periods. Political enthusiasm does not burn holes in the pockets of the average citizen, who often feels that he is giving the candidate quite enough when he gives his vote. The political party has a more watchful eye for "angels" than the most thread-bare playwright. The American political party is one of those anomalies that appear to exist without visible means of support. Sometimes the less visible the support the more kindly the party feels about its existence. If the average political campaign should adopt the "pay as you go" slogan it would not get much farther away from Chicago than Hammond, Indiana.

There long has been an abundance of skepticism as to the morality of a political party's accepting contributions either from prospective office-

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holders or from business men to whom the administration later would be unduly indebted. With contributions largely coming from financial centres, many good citizens have questioned whether the government so elected could be free from such influences between elections.

The doubt as to the propriety of making a large political outlay for no other purpose than to interest and arouse an electorate — which, in fact, should feel just as much concern over the outcome as the party managers themselves — was more evident than usual in 1932. It was a year in which there existed the most acute relief needs. Relief funds to which all elements of our employed population, including many persons of the most moderate means, had contributed generously seemed inadequate. With business large and small requiring money for productive undertakings, the soundness of making outlays to generate emotionalism and sustain it at a high pitch for months was open to special challenge. This fact, quite as much as the difficulty in raising contributions, accounted for the smaller campaign chests emptied by the major parties in the last Presidential canvass.

It is interesting to examine campaign expenditures for the two great political parties in the ever-present consciousness of the economic depression. According to the conclusions of the Senate Committee which investigated the matter, collections for the Presidential campaign of 1928, for both parties, amounted to $17,282,796. That was more than four times the cost of our Federal Government during the first year of its existence and more than the ordinary annual expenditures of that Government as late as 1830. The campaign outlay was greater than the cost of either the State or Labor Department, each with its widespread activities, in any recent normal year. No testimony was taken by the Committee on sums collected and spent by district, county, city, ward and precinct organizations on behalf of the two national tickets. The Committee heard enough, however, to believe that such sums were "very considerable." They probably exceeded the amounts the Committee reported as obtained by national and State groups.

If the effect of the quadrennial Presidential campaign on business is taken into account, there seems to be little doubt that for the precious privilege of the suffrage the citizens of the United States pay more by the year than the Britishers do for the permanent Civil List of their entire royal family.

WHAT do they get for their money? Largely, I should say, a procedure dictated by the past rather than one efficiently adopted to present conditions. Tradition still weighs heavily on the planning of a Presidential canvass, from the moment when the leaders of political groups gather in "smoke-filled chambers" to begin devising campaign strategy. That is true today, despite the fact that the successful candidate last year, President Franklin Roosevelt, made unnecessary the droll pilgrimage to break the word, as old as yesterday's newspaper, that the convention had nominated him. Such a repudiation of tradition was an important step in the right direction

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toward Presidential campaign reform.

With some of the post-convention activities I am more familiar than with others, and I mean no criticism of the desire the leaders of both parties customarily have to give the nation a good administration when I reflect for a moment, possibly somewhat cynically, on campaigning methods in general. No doubt the party helmsmen adhere to their generations-old programmes because they are the established, *bona fide*, methods by which Lincoln, Harrison and McKinley were elected on the one hand, and Polk, Cleveland, Woodrow Wilson and the various other Democrats (and to a Republican like myself the list is inordinately long) on the other.

When a political campaign begins, the ordinary peace-time organizations are greatly augmented for the coming battle. During the interval between campaigns the nucleus of the party keeps the flag flying and holds the framework of the party together. The rank and file drift around through no-man's-land between the two great parties. Here are found the voters who are unstable in their party allegiance, voting sometimes with one and sometimes with the other party, those who habitually neglect to vote, those recently of age and not yet affiliated, and those lately naturalized and about to vote for the first time. These potential partisans must be persuaded, coaxed, threatened and argued into line. No one knows exactly how these drifters will react to party doctrines or economic conditions — especially in a year like the last one. Nearly all the expense of a campaign is contributory to the operation known as getting out the vote, which includes everything from converting the intelligent elector and seeing that he is registered, to finally hauling him to the polls in a motor car, as is sometimes done.

The expenditures essential to the success of the party are those centring around election day. Other costs are largely incidental to this climax of getting the ballots in the boxes. Nothing else can win the election. On that day the final inducement must be applied which will bring the voter to the polls, registered, instructed and determined to vote on the "right" side. If he does not so vote, everything his party has spent in the campaign has been wasted on him. The money for election day must be in the right hands four or five days before the election. The precinct captain is the final disbursing agent for funds that have trickled in through the party treasurer, the city or county boss, the ward executives and sometimes — but not often directly — from an "angel." Much of such money, it is said, does not show in reports. It is given privately by modest contributors who veil their good deeds in silence.

The precinct captain hires the runners, the messengers, the challengers, the watchers, the unofficial motor cars and taxi drivers of the day. In some wicked and corrupt precincts the captain probably does a certain amount of "fixing." But there is no doubt that under our system the majority of campaign expenses are legitimate. No one can say fairly, for example, that the expense of electing one Senator of the United States or one Governor

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should be exactly the same as electing another, unless their respective States are exactly the same in size, population, climate, topography, newspapers, railroads, highways, telephones and radio broadcasting stations. There is absolutely no basis of comparison in such cases as between New York, let us say, and Rhode Island.

Exclusive of the funds devoted to election day, campaign money is spent for such items as advertising, banners, buttons, party literature, clerical and staff payrolls, electricity, halls, music, posters, postage, printing and stationery, registration lists, rentals, radio broadcasting, telegraph, telephone, transportation and travel. None of these are questionable in themselves. The staggering thing is how they mount into big figures. An envelope carrying a three-cent stamp, not allowing anything for its own cost or that of its contents, if sent to a million voters, runs up a bill of $30,000 for postage alone.

In most of these items the time element is a factor and the cost of the campaign is in direct proportion to its length. The longer the campaign, the more money needed; the more money needed, the longer the solicitation will have to be to obtain it.

The good reasons which established the length of the campaign a hundred years ago when the first national convention was held have long since disappeared. It would be wise for us to glance again at some of those considerations and compare them with the present situation. In the little New Jersey village of Scotch Plains, about twenty-five miles from New York City, there stands an inn at which travelers to Philadelphia spent the first night, after a journey by stage coach from New York City. In 1830 there were only twenty-three miles of railway in the entire United States. The stage coach and boat were the mainstays of travel, with the horseback facilities of Paul Revere the chief means of rapid communication and transportation. Now a railroad train passes close to Scotch Plains, New Jersey, on the morning of every business day, carrying scores of commuters from their homes in Philadelphia to their offices in New York. Planes flying overhead make the trip in forty-five minutes. The radio listener in either city can hear instantly a voice from the other, or, in fact, a voice from Geneva or Mukden.

Since the early days of the Republic, the area covered by the States has increased nearly three and one-half times, and our mounting population has moved its centre nearly 600 miles to the west. Yet in "traveling time" we have reduced a vast continent to a small fraction of the size of the original States. Today we boast more than 240,000 miles of railroad, more than 3,000,000 miles of State, county and local roads for the accommodation of 23,000,000 automotive vehicles, not to mention many thousands of miles more in the regular routes of air mail and air transport service.

Our communications achievements are equally remarkable. Honolulu is within easy reach of the telephones in our homes and possesses a radio broadcasting station which is regularly hooked up with networks here on the mainland. Manila, in our

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farthest flung possession, from which some of our statesmen have lately hauled down the flag, and the remainder of the entire civilized world are in instant touch with us by means of direct radiotelegraph circuits. Radio communication circuits and the wire lines and cables bring to us in our morning newspapers the happenings of every continent.

Why continue to send a large and expensive delegation on a trip in August to notify a Presidential candidate of his nomination, when the whole country listened by radio to the convention ballot, and read the full account of it in a June newspaper? Once it was necessary for lack of those things to send some one to notify him. Once it was necessary that his interpretation of the party platform in his address of acceptance should have time to get back to all the voters before the November election. That took months when the early convention precedent was established. Now the address of acceptance is sometimes "released" a fortnight before the long-known date of the candidate's notification, and it is in the office of practically every newspaper in the land. It is probable that he had it drafted in the rough before the convention sat.

The candidates no longer need weeks and weeks of travel about the country to interest the electorate. Undoubtedly the voices of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Herbert Hoover reached more persons in a single night in 1932 than heard Bryan in his whole magnificent stumping tour in 1896, which established the practice, now overdue to be abolished, of the swing around the circle. Most of the smaller newspapers of 1932 received the great press association reports which, as recently as Bryan's free silver campaign, were limited almost entirely to the city press. Only the most indifferent individual can now escape the expressions of the several political standard bearers. The increase in the independent vote has made it essential for the candidate to appeal to the entire country, but the facilities are present, and he can do it in a single night from the privacy of his own home.

A shorter campaign period is advisable not only to save money for the parties and avoid the costly election-year business slumps, but also on the basis of practical campaign efficiency. As a matter of fact, it is impossible to sustain interest in the election throughout the entire time between June or July and November. There usually are drops or slow stretches, with an intense attempt to revive enthusiasm as that Tuesday in November draws near. The effort of the party managers to keep their followers stimulated to a high pitch over the long summer and autumn period is, in fact, one of the principal causes of the heavy campaign cost. Shortening the campaign as suggested would decrease expense in almost direct proportion. Funds available for traveling expenses, headquarters staffs and the innumerable other outlays now "necessary" would be relatively less important. The campaign would rest more on the issues and the candidates, instead of on the parties' success in obtaining funds.

Undoubtedly there would be more interest in politics and in national affairs in an intensive short campaign, than in a prolonged struggle in which there is nearly always a development

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of fatigue and a somewhat cynical indifference. New York State, the one which every successful candidate must expect to carry to become President, nominates its Governors in September, and finds the period between then and November amply long for electing them.

The proposal for shortening the campaign would mean merely that the country should take advantage of present-day means of communication and transportation and discard practices established in an age of great distances, poor roads and inadequate communication facilities. Radio, as a single factor, has so brought the average citizen into contact with the policies and personalities of the candidates that the voter has in one month a far better basis for his campaign judgment than the voter of 1896 had in four.

A BRIEF and inexpensive campaign would make it easier to take further steps which would contribute to fairness in election, such as the proposal for limiting the amount of money expended by any one candidate or party and having the campaign expenses borne by the Government itself. This is no new suggestion, having had such illustrious supporters as Theodore Roosevelt and others of earlier and later date. Many objections can easily be found to it, but they are mainly objections of detail, and not so pertinent as those which obviously are applicable to existing methods. One must hesitate at a time when we are desirous that governmental expenditures be trimmed to the bone before suggesting a Federal expenditure along any new line. In this instance, however, it seems justified as a national economy to urge that — with the campaign shortened by half — campaign appropriations could be made by Congress and by States in their respective fields, with penalties against the use of private funds to influence an election, and with expenditures regulated by law.

It is quite apparent that difficulty would be met in arriving at an equitable basis for regulating campaign appropriations between the different parties. One plan suggested would be to base the appropriation on the strength of the respective parties in the primaries, or in the absence of a primary on the relative strength in the last previous election. Or the appropriation might be proportioned on the representation of different parties in Congress after the mid-term elections, with a minimum amount ample for the needs of new parties entering the field which obtain a petition with signatures from a prescribed number of citizens.

Perhaps the fairest way would be to have equal sums available to parties of a given strength in the last preceding election, so that the two major parties would have the same allowance on which to work. Another flat sum might be made available for parties of lesser strength. The proper subjects for expenditure might be listed by law. For example, in a Western State in the Presidential primary of some years ago the candidate had circulated for him at the expense of the State his portrait, biography, his platform and his proposed slogan.

Campaigning under such conditions would not depend on the widespread and sometimes loose expendi-

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ture of contributed funds, but on the sagacious and prudent employment of duly appropriated allotments. Appropriation, instead of contribution, of campaign money would minimize corruption, remove the cloud of suspicion that hangs over heavy private contributions, and fix new standards for party preferment in event of success.

Government appropriation for Presidential campaign expenses is pointed to here only as a possible ultimate goal. Difficulties lie in the way of its accomplishment, admittedly. The immediate objective — shortening the Presidential campaign period — is so easy to attain that its great value from the standpoint of economy, increased interest and efficient politics may be underestimated. National party leaders, in setting the dates of national nominating conventions should draw a lesson from the old county chairman who opposed the lengthy addresses of visiting spellbinders. A young speaker who had covered all the issues diligently rushed up to him after the meeting and asked:

"Well, did I miss anything?"

"Yeah, you did," remarked the old chairman. "You missed four durned good places to stop."

Solitude

By Frederic Prokosch

She walks along the sea-lit shore
And dreams she treads thus soundlessly
The sea's own everlasting floor
Or the horizons of the sea

Or scenes more radiantly designed,
Slow-moving waves of fire that seem
In the dark desert of her mind
The white sierras of a dream

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We Are Not Amused

By Barbara Savage

How Cumberland Corners looks at life

"Amusing," our friends in the city write to us. Thus do they ticket by turns a play, or a party, or a love affair; somebody's new house, new husband, new job. At other times any or all of these may be briskly dismissed as, "not amusing." Very often our friends' letters, by way of introducing the most diverse tales, begin: "My dear, you would have been so *amused!*" Perhaps, after living some years in Cumberland Corners, I might have forgotten that elsewhere the accepted touchstone for life or art is: "Does it amuse?" But our friends have kindly kept the old standard fresh in our minds. Of all the questions they have found to ask, a poor second in importance (to them) seems to be: "How do you keep warm?" Ranking first by an overwhelming majority is: "How do you keep amused?"

The answer is as interesting as it is simple. We in Cumberland Corners are not amused. The Marx brothers invent the most side-splitting monkey business. Mr. Rothafel engages more legs to twinkle more gayly. Playful milliners bring on the ostrich plumes. Playful artists trade their pictures for sardines. And the Government of the United States becomes so very amusing that it helps win a Pulitzer Prize. But these things do not amuse us for the good and sufficient reason that we know little about them.

Winter, in a Vermont village of fifty adult citizens, shuts out with finality the never very near world. This is the famous age which has abolished distance and isolation: the age of good roads and automobiles to travel them; the age of the movie and the radio and the airplane and the daily newspaper. As a matter of theory, New York is in our backyards, Hollywood around the corner, and the latest Paris fashions hanging in our Early American cupboards. As a matter of fact, however, the nearest movie is twenty miles of "snow-path" away, the nearest theatre two hundred. The Sunshine Cookie man and the Sweet Wheat Bread man plow through three times a week — most weeks. But we villagers think we are lucky when we can travel the four miles to Cumberland proper for our Saturday night's trading "down-street." And although our weekly paper publishes a syndicated Fashion Letter, we quaintly reinterpret the mode. We

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had our own, dissenting opinion of the kind of hat the Empress wore.

Even more important than our remoteness from the fountain heads of amusement is our remoteness from the habits of mind which have made the amusement trade one of the big industries of America today. We ask many, and different, things of life. We meet its ups and downs, the crises in our own affairs, the successes and failures of our neighbors with courage or cowardice, with wisdom or folly, with sympathy or with scorn, according to our separate natures. But we can not rely on professional purveyors of entertainment to divert us from life's grimness; and we have not learned to regard life itself as a superlative sort of circus. There is a local phrase that rather neatly expresses our attitude. "Does Mrs. Jones like?" my neighbors ask each other. The answer usually is, "She calls it that she likes real well."

The difference between "liking" and being amused is more than a mere matter of regional verbiage. It may be that we can best understand it by going sociological and observing some of the Adult Recreational Activities of Cumberland Corners.

In Cumberland Corners we take our pleasures seriously. But that does not mean that we are a glum lot. We work very hard for every party. Did you ever know a party that wasn't work? *We* bake cakes and freeze ice-cream and wash dishes and learn "pieces" for ours. You may work at shaking cocktails and getting tight, or at keeping the intellectual level up to your requirements, or in whatever other way your particular set does work at its chosen play. We usually arrive with tired feet and aching backs and shiny noses; but our good spirits hold till the last dish is wiped and the last cake plate returned to its rightful owner. The physical strain may be greater on us, but I have never found a Cumberland party very wearing on the nervous system, nor put into it the kind of effort that goes into the making of even the gentlest whoopee.

There are no worried hostesses in Cumberland Corners. For the private party is practically unknown to us. All of our "entertainments," to use the more common local word, are community affairs. The responsibility for their success or failure is shared by us all. Acceptance of an invitation is invariably in the form of a question: "What do you want I should bring?" When the old lady Flint had her ninetieth birthday the Merry-Makers prepared and served the supper. The Philatheas made the birthday cake. The 4-H girls serenaded on the doorstep. The Hilltop Club bought the birthday gift. The Reverend Evangelina Deering asked grace. Mrs. Luthera Preston wrote a birthday poem which she shrieked with expression into Mrs. Flint's deaf ear. The age and infirmities of the guest of honor prevented our spreading ourselves in the matter of a "programme." But we sat before her wood stove, hemming diapers for the coming Johnson baby, and shared the warmth and our pride in the occasion and a sense of duty-well-performed. We were not amused. Not even I was amused. We were simply taken out of the loneliness of our scattered kitchens, brought together by a common bond.

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A little stiff and formal, perhaps, in our unaccustomed silks, we "visited" about the homely subjects that were of moment to us all. By six o'clock the second table had finished supper. The dish-washing committee clattered cheerfully in the kitchen. The rest of us, full of scalloped potatoes and the latest village news, plodded home through the white street, calling it that we had had a good time.

As is natural, clubs play an important part in our social life. In fact we have so many clubs, meeting so often, that a great deal of intrigue and diplomacy go into avoiding or ironing out conflicts of date. The Young Married Set has a Bridge Club. Bridge Club meetings are on alternate Wednesdays. Since husbands must be fed, the ladies of the Bridge Club cook and eat supper at home — up to dessert. Promptly on arrival dessert is served by the hostesses of the evening. With the matter of refreshments thus early disposed of, the club members quickly settle down to the important business in hand. There is an elaborate system of scores and prizes, scores being kept and totaled through the whole year. The lady having "high score for the year" automatically becomes the club's next president.

But there is, after all, something a little upstart and foreign about the Bridge Club. More important and dignified is the Hilltop. Yet the Hilltop boasts a delightful informality. Its prestige is so firmly established that it, alone of our clubs, can afford to scorn parliamentary law. Nabby Pride founded it, and was its first president. The chances are that she will be its last.

On Hilltop nights we grumble a little as we wash up the supper things and start the children at their lessons, or tuck them into bed. The warm fire, the peace and order of our kitchens where the milk pails are drying on the stoves and the black iron sinks wiped dry and oiled against rust; the evening's gift of leisure; the ease of our every-day clothes — these have a lure against which the Hilltop's familiar routine competes to disadvantage. But when we stand on the Trasks' side porch to wait our turn at the broom with which we brush the last snow-flake from our galoshes, we are glad that we came. Through the lighted window we can see Nabby. Nabby is there ahead of us all, and Nabby especially is glad that we came. She counts us over as anxiously as in the days when she sat behind the high desk in the old school-house and noted in her little book the absence or tardiness of a scholar. Promptly at seven-thirty she begins fussing with her pencil and her song-books and her big straw carry-all. She smoothes her smooth hair, that slopes down from its central parting like one of our steep-pitched roofs, hanging low-eaved over her ears. Her thin, pale tongue runs in and out between wide teeth, moistening her pussy-cat lips that are dry with excitement. At last she puts her finger-tips together, spreading the fingers wide apart in a gesture that is familiar to those of us who went to school to Nabby, long ago. The gesture means, "We will now begin." We begin with singing. Miss Mary Temple chooses the first song. It is *The Little Brown Church in the Vale.* We sing with the dreadful, earnest

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voicelessness of Vermont women, ashamed to make so much and such public noise, ashamed not to sing and hopelessly out of tune. Nabby thinks our singing lovely (did she not teach us?) and says so. Somebody chooses *America the Beautiful*. The singing part of our programme is over. We have paid our respects to Music and the Arts.

The Hilltop Club has done away with such parliamentary fol-de-rol as election of officers, Miss Nabby Pride being officers enough for any club. But, following the singing, we still have Roll-Call. It is our custom to "respond to Roll-Call with a Current Event. This custom is the root of a good deal of our Tuesday night grumbling, the supply of current events being not at all plenty on the hill. But perhaps somebody has been "down-street" and providentially bought a Boston paper. In that case we divide up the headlines as best we can, before the meeting begins. And we always have "Cheerio" of radio fame, and one subscriber to the *Nation* and one to the *Churchman* to fall back upon. Current events have that variety which is accounted the spice of life. Radio waves are heard from remote space. The favored colors for the season are blue, black, brown and green. Red is also very good, and hats are being worn tilted over the *left* eye. In Russia the Five Year Plan is producing splendid results and an inspired and earnest generation of young idealists. Miss Mary Temple's name is called next. She begins her remarks as usual with the carefully articulated preface, "My authority, the *Churchman*." Then she crosses her high-laced, black boots, adjusts the box-pleats of her black alpaca, and proceeds to voice her personal views: as a matter of fact the Five Year Plan is working out *very badly*, as was quite to be expected in a country where all religious observance is punishable by death. This unexpected little skirmish is so distressing that we are almost glad to hear that milk has dropped another cent in Boston, though the bad news reached us some time ago. It is reported that in Ludlow a Mr. Brown has a rooster that lays an egg every day.

Nabby praises us, as she has always praised us, for our industry and our "interesting contributions." Do we know whose birthday it is today? Nabby has never got over her sense of mystery and awe at the realization that practically *every* day is somebody's birthday. It is Whittier's birthday today. Nabby digs down into her carry-all, brings forth a book and reads us parts of *Snow-Bound* and all of *The Barefoot Boy*. It is warm in the Trasks' parlor; the day that began at five has been as arduous as it was long. Many of us doze, soothed by Nabby's familiar voice. We are roused by a silence, and the rustle of the carry-all. In our turn we thank Nabby, politely, for the reading. The carry-all rustles pleasantly under Nabby's restless fingers, and we try not to look self-conscious and hungry, but fail. Young Mrs. Flint takes the baby into the dining-room to nurse. Nabby passes out little brown paper packages, tied with string. Each contains two ginger snaps and a piece of maple sugar candy and we crunch and exclaim delightedly, trying to sound surprised, and failing again. There are a few moments of gossip, of

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tidying papers and struggling into wraps. Club Meeting is over, and we go home.

On the way home we frequently agree that Nabby Pride is a back number, that Hilltop meetings are very tiresome, and that we are really getting too old to go to school any longer. But we keep on going just the same. Something stronger than the pursuit of mere amusement drives us. We need each other, and each of us responds with instinctive loyalty to our recognition of that common, human need.

Our list of clubs is a long one: Philathea, Parent-Teacher, Ladies Aid and, as our auctioneer says, "others too numerous to mention." Most of them duplicate their counterparts in many small towns and villages. Let us look at but one more of our clubs — the Merry-Makers, which is sponsored by the Farm Bureau and forms an important link between us and the "outside world." Miss Nabby Pride could point to the Hilltop Club and say with the White Knight, "It's my own invention." But the United States Government, whose deputy is the County Demonstration Agent, keeps watch over the Merry-Makers, and so brings Standardization to our hill. When bad roads and bad weather lengthen the gaps between her visits, the County Agent Lady, as we impersonally call her, enlivens us with mimeographed letters. These keep us posted on such varied subjects as Hemlines, The Well-Balanced Meal, Games to Play at Church Sociables and Your Spring Wardrobe. We take them from our post-office boxes, read them secretively, and afterwards tell each other what they said. Occasionally through the long winter we essay a meeting without the chaperonage of the County Agent Lady. But timidly. Roberts's Rules of Order are much in evidence and rather cramp our style in putting through the plans for a Food Sale to raise funds, or authorizing the treasurer to pay fifty cents for a plant to be sent to a sick club member. Our programme, too, at these times, is a little self-conscious, because we feel that we must live up to what the Farm Bureau expects of us, and are not quite sure what that is. More impressive are the all-day meetings for which we make plans weeks in advance, following the receipt of mimeographed letters announcing that the County Agent Lady will be with us, weather permitting. On these occasions we gather in the White Church, relic of the town's brighter history. We have all hurried through our morning tasks and left a dinner on the back of the stove for our men folk, who pay their respects to Washington by consenting to "do for themselves." From ten to ten-thirty we cluster around the big stove in a delightful mood of relaxation, and speculate as to whether or not the County Agent Lady's Ford will be able to get over Hunter's Hill. The County Agent Lady is a person of determination and has never yet failed us, but the roads being what they are, there is always the exciting chance that she may. Just as we begin seriously to fear that the Well-Balanced Meal will lack the added spice of her discerning praise, she arrives, triumphant and a little out of breath. She is a stout, dowdy, competent woman with, when she remembers them, some elegant man-

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nerisms of speech. "Good-dy, good-dy," she calls cheerfully, and climbs out of the Ford. To us she represents Culture, Enlightenment, Modern Methods and, above all, Authority. She tells us, in rapid succession, how to bring babies out of convulsions, how to make a motion in Town Meeting, what to give each other for Christmas and how to wear our clothes. The Committee unfortunately misses a good deal of this, due to the necessity for preparing and serving the Well-Balanced Meal promptly at noon. The County Agent Lady has a lusty appetite, but after complimenting the Committee and wiping her mouth, firmly performs her duty and points out the slight, "varee" slight, preponderance of starch in the menu, which destroys what would otherwise be the *perfect* balance to which we aspire. After dinner, the Committee again being cheated through the exigencies of washing up, the County Agent Lady produces, from the mysterious contents of her Ford, equipment for reblocking our last winter's felt hats, the newest gadgets in kitchen equipment, a new rule for making ice-box cakes (we have no ice-boxes), a mimeographed set of Well-Balanced Menus, a set of upholsterer's tools with which to complete the job, begun three months back, of demonstrating how to recover Mrs. Trask's sofa, and directions for making a permanent dress pattern. There is apparently no corner of the field of Domestic Arts and Sciences which she is not capable of covering. While she waits for Lucindy Martin's brown felt to steam into a new sailor on the block, she tells Mrs. Flint to paint the north bedroom a warm, "*cheeful*" yellow. With her mouth full of pins and her hands busy fitting round Sally Luce into a muslin pattern, she advises cod liver oil for the Johnson baby. And she settles her full weight on Nabby Pride's meager bones, poor Nabby obediently prostrating herself for the purpose, and shows us how to Induce Artificial Respiration.

Promptly at four-thirty the County Agent Lady repacks her Ford, wishes us "good-dy," and starts off, with a look in her eye that offers no quarter to Hunter's Hill. And we are left, weary and replete. There is much for us to digest and regurgitate in the weeks until she will come again.

Such is the social whirl of Cumberland Corners. Add to it the Grange, an occasional Chicken Pie Supper, some square dancing when a fiddler passes through, the Church when we have funds to pay a minister, and the picture is complete. Beyond these there are only the homely pleasures of our every-day life. Amusing? Hardly, in the sense that my friends use the word. Neat piles of finely chopped kindling and stacks of good hard maple logs are satisfying to contemplate, but our dependence upon them is too vital for amusement. We are not amused when the June skies are blue and clear, and the ground too dry for growing. We watch the cycle of the seasons with absorption and delight, but we are not amused. The first snowdrop that pushes up through the dry leaves, the first supper eaten without lamplight both promise a relief from our long hibernation. We

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do not welcome their promise with amusement. When we plow through the snow and mud to somebody's sugar house, and gather around the fragrant, steamy boiling-pans to eat plain doughnuts and hot syrup, we are very gay and light of heart. It is not only in the maple trees that the sap has begun to run!

Autumn too, with its mood of preparation, has a sweetness. The cabbages squatting on their haunches down cellar, the bins of potatoes, turnips, beets and winter squash; the barrels of MacIntosh Reds, the pears ripening on the attic floor — these are restful to look upon when our eyes are wearied by the brilliant tapestry of the hills, flaming in the October sunlight. In holiday time there is the excitement of choosing exactly the right Christmas tree, with all the woods offering selection. And the fun of the Community tree, with our gifts to each other showing bravely on its branches: a box of oranges, an embroidered centre-piece, even the new suit of woolen underwear the Latour children have bought for their pa.

We know courtship and marriage, birth and death. We know good and evil, responsibility and shirking. We know want and plenty, work and rest. For all our basic seriousness we are not devoid of humor. We can laugh at our neighbor as at ourselves. But the full measure of our direct and uncomplicated demand upon life is expressed in that phrase of approval: "I like."

I am no prophet, crying the sins of Sodom and Gomorrah. I am no rural Pollyanna, mocking the city grapes as sour. Nor would I turn philosopher and weigh simplicity against civilization, or compare the delights of the husking bee with those of the night club. Merely, it has occurred to me that the folks back home, relentlessly pursuing amusement, might be amused to hear of our little world, not unique surely, where such a pursuit is unknown. Indeed perhaps the most amusing thing about Cumberland Corners is the fact that here we are not amused.

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Scotching the Veterans' Lobby

By E. Pendleton Herring

President Roosevelt has destroyed for a time the Legion's influence in Congress, but it has another field of activity

There is one lobbyist in Washington who at the present time does not so jauntily swing his cane and stride about the Hill for conferences with helpful Senators and Representatives. Colonel Taylor, long the leader of the forces of the American Legion in seeking generous legislation from Congress, now finds himself in a new situation. He knows that there is little point in pressing for veteran benefits today. A ragged troop of bonus marchers may descend upon the capital but the accredited spokesmen of the veterans' organizations realize that a change has come about. The aggressive tactics of the last decade which won so many legislative victories for the veterans are relinquished for the present. Their problem now is to see that the Economy Act recently passed by Congress is interpreted by the administrative authorities so that the veterans are treated as liberally as possible.

It has taken a national economic crisis, an organized opposition, and confident Presidential leadership to bring about this change in policy with regard to veteran affairs. Only within the last few months have ex-service men formed organizations opposing too-liberal grants to veterans. The general public has at last become greatly interested in the actions of Congress and has supported the economy plans of the Chief Executive. Even the Commander of the American Legion has found it wise to pledge his support to the President. This unique combination of circumstances has served to check for the time being the demands of the organized ex-service men.

The change calls attention to an aspect of the Legion's work that is of great significance. The lobbying of the American Legion before Congress has attracted much attention but its lobbying in the Veterans' Administration has passed almost unnoticed. If the President is to restrain Congress from granting further benefits, the pressure of the Legionnaires upon administrative officials will become of greater importance. The lobbyists must now release the lapels of Congressmen and reach for the buttonholes of the bureaucrats.

The task is none too easy. It is one thing to secure the support of a

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Representative by suggesting that the attitude of the ex-service men back home may determine his re-election. It is quite another matter to persuade an official securely seated in a Washington bureau that certain administrative action be taken. The bureaucrat knows his sphere of authority and he understands the problems before him. He may be as wily as any lobbyist.

The American Legion decided not so long ago that the veterans in the various Government hospitals should be provided with free tobacco. Accordingly, the officers of the organization in the Washington office approached General Hines at the Veterans' Administration and asked him to supply the sick veterans with smokes. He refused. They asked again and again, but with no results. Then the lobbyists went to the Bureau of Internal Revenue and requested that the Legion be allowed exemption from the Government tax in buying tobacco. The Bureau could not be persuaded to regard the Legion as a governmental agency and hence entitled under the law to withdraw tobacco products tax free. Next the Legion attempted to procure certain unclaimed stores of tobacco that the Government held, only to abandon the effort when it found these stores unfit for consumption. Other avenues were explored with equal lack of success.

Finally the Legion recommended to the Veterans' Administration that the distribution of tobacco be authorized along with other comfort articles to those veterans unable to buy these things. The Administration granted this concession to the inmates in soldiers' homes but pointed out that there was no legal authority for giving tobacco to those in Veterans' Administration hospitals. At this point the Legion realized that the only way to gain its point was by securing legislative authority. Congress obligingly inserted in the Independent Offices Appropriation Bill a clause authorizing the purchase of tobacco. Its distribution, however, was to be directed in accordance with rules and regulations to be drawn up by the administrative authorities. The Administration finally framed these regulations but did not issue them until the act providing the necessary funds was just about to expire. Now the sick veterans will either have to buy their smokes or change their habits. As a Legionnaire lobbyist plaintively concluded: "The boys at the Veterans' Administration certainly pulled a fast one on us that time."

VIEWING generally the relations between the Veterans' Administration and the American Legion, very cordial associations are to be found. The Government officials work in close coöperation with the representatives of the organized veterans. General Hines reports to the annual convention of the Legion and explains what he has done for the veterans. The American Legion has gone on record with the statement: "We deem it our right and duty at all times to criticize the U. S. Veterans' Bureau for its failures as a father would his own child." This viewpoint is fully demonstrated in all the contacts of the Legion with this bureau.

The National Rehabilitation Committee of the Legion is designed to

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keep in close touch with the work of the Veterans' Administration in all the routine operations of caring for the ex-service men. As the Federal bureaus dealing with veteran affairs have been reorganized or consolidated during the last decade, the Rehabilitation Committee has been changed in order that its structure might continue parallel to that of the Governmental agencies. As a result the Legion watches the administration of veteran affairs not only in Washington but over the entire country as well. Field secretaries visit about three hundred Federal, State and Legion facilities for veterans' service and write detailed reports as to the conditions found. If the visiting Legion official decides that improvements are needed in a certain hospital, the fact is noted and the Washington Office takes the matter up with the Veterans' Administration.

This extra-official inspector is free to exercise his individual judgment in criticizing Governmental institutions and his recommendations may deal with any aspect of hospitalization. He may suggest an improvement in diet, more amusement and recreational facilities, better barber service, more landscaping, the furnishing of motor transportation to patients, or even the construction of new buildings. Sometimes the officer in charge of a hospital has been asking in vain for months that some minor improvements be allowed. It may be that he wants a few gallons of paint or a new motor truck and the officials in Washington fail to respond promptly to his requests. He tells his story to the visiting Legionnaire, who in turn gets the Legion's Washington office to demand an explanation from the responsible officials in the Veterans' Administration. The Legion pulls the proper wires in Washington and the paint is sent to the hospital or the new motor truck provided. Nearly five thousand recommendations of this sort have been made by the Legion and only about twenty per cent of them have not received approval in whole or in part. Through the influence exerted by those on the outside, changes may be introduced in governmental administration that the officials themselves may be unwilling or unable to achieve.

A few years ago Captain Watson B. Miller, the Chairman of the Rehabilitation Committee, heard of experiments that were being carried on by a famous surgeon for the cure of osteomyelitis. This disease breaks down the bone structure and is frequent in fractures resulting from gun-shot wounds. It was found to be very difficult to eradicate the infection and repeated operations often failed to cure the condition. Dr. W. S. Baer at the Johns Hopkins Hospital found that sterilized maggots when placed upon the infected bone ate away the dead tissue and induced a healthy condition. Captain Miller, working through the proper Congressional channels, arranged to have Dr. Baer explain his treatment to the House Committee on World War Veterans' Legislation. The scientist met the legislators in the caucus room of the House Office Building and explained his revolutionary experiment, even before he had made public his findings to his fellow physicians. Through this strategy the Veterans' Administration was di-

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rected by Congress to introduce a new treatment into the Government hospitals.

No doubt there are certain dangers in the promotion by laymen of new methods in medical practice, but such interference at times may serve as a needed stimulus. Professional conservatism is rendered doubly strong when joined with bureaucratic inertia. Pressure from the outside has frequently affected the hospital care of veterans. The Legion has succeeded in getting the Government to make greater use of radium in the treatment of cancer and has pressed for improved facilities in the treatment of tuberculosis. A committee of outstanding medical authorities has been created to advise the Legion as to the latest and best methods. The weight of this expert advice is then added to the pleas of the ex-soldiers' lobbyists in demanding favorable action from the administrative authorities.

PRESSURE upon the civil servants from the veterans' organizations has a single and definite aim. This is to secure the best possible care of the sick ex-service men regardless of expense. The tendency undoubtedly has been to improve conditions within the hospitals and to encourage the use of scientific discoveries. Government officials are naturally inclined to work along with an organization that aids in the securing of increased appropriations and the enlisting of additional personnel.

The fact is that the veteran relief legislation has been largely administered by the World War veterans themselves, and the tie-up with the Legion has been very close. A recent study discloses that the physicians employed by the Bureau to pass on compensation claims included 124 physicians who were themselves receiving compensation in the form of retirement pay under the Emergency Officers' Retirement Act. About sixty-seven per cent of the men holding positions in the Veterans' Administration are ex-service men, and General Hines testified before a joint Congressional committee: "I know of no Government department that has a greater percentage of veterans than ours. I think this is as it should be."

It is little wonder that the lobbyists of the American Legion find the offices of the Administration open to their call. They have in fact many friendly contacts. The Legion headquarters occupies an entire floor in a Washington office building and a direct private telephone connection keeps them ever in touch with the offices of the Veterans' Administration a few blocks away. When pressure is brought upon the Administration by the Legion, however, it is regarded as better tactics to get written statements rather than verbal promises. By correspondence and through conferences contact with the Federal departments is continuous.

When Congress passes a law dealing with veteran affairs it becomes the duty of the Veterans' Administration to draw up the administrative rulings that provide the instructions for its execution. In this process of administrative rule-making the Legion officials take an active part. A very complicated and difficult task is the framing of schedules to determine the rate of compensation

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allowable for different disabilities. A man rendered totally helpless by war wounds clearly is entitled to full and permanent compensation. But what of the man who has lost a finger or an ear? Rating these disabilities upon a schedule is within the Administration's discretion. The Legion, along with other veteran organizations, brings pressure upon the responsible Government officials to secure as high a rating as possible for various disabilities.

Let us take an actual case. One David J. Brouillard came out of the War with a service-connected ailment diagnosed as alopecia. Metaphorically speaking, he had sacrificed every hair of his body upon the altar of his country. He was bare as a panhandler's palm, and the Government rated his disability at ten per cent. No statute can satisfactorily set forth the compensation to be given for the infinite variety of wounds and diseases resulting from war service. Discretion necessarily must be lodged in some Government official. The Legion lobbyists inevitably press such officials for favorable decisions and bring to their attention all possible arguments. The disability of the hairless veteran could not be measured solely in terms of the physical discomfort involved. His eyes, unprotected by eyelashes and eyebrows, were affected by the sweat and dust, and consequently his efficiency as a workman was impaired. But greater suffering came from the jibes and head-slapping that his fellow-workmen inflicted upon him. Could compensation be made for this? What if a nervous or even psychopathic condition developed? The intangible factors in cases of this sort make it impossible to devise any hard and fast legal system that can take all elements into consideration. To the extent that extra-governmental agencies serve to bring to the attention of officials aspects of a case that might otherwise be overlooked, their influence is all to the good. There is the tendency, however, to override the judgment of officials and to urge that they interpret the law from the viewpoint of special interests rather than that of the general welfare.

The civil servant occupies a position defined by law and subject to the authority of the President and Congress. His "public" is limited to the group of people over whom he exercises particular jurisdiction in his official capacity. Their views are constantly brought to his attention. His duty is to interpret the law in such a way as to carry out the intent of Congress and protect the public interest. This task is not simple and clear. His wide discretionary power subjects him to pressure from interested parties. If he does not satisfy the demands made upon him by a particular group he knows that they may go over his head and appeal to Congress for legislation that will make him do it. Persistent friction between a Government bureau and people outside occasions press criticism of "bureaucracy." The everlasting charge of official "red-tape" is waved before the eyes of the public. An unfavorable opinion of a bureau can thus be built up and a reorganization or change in personnel threatened. No Government official, either appointive or elective, can afford to be

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the butt of persistent criticism. Pressure groups organize an attack against a bureau by arousing the voters, who in turn appeal to their Congressmen. And some Congressman can always be found who is willing to make political capital by raising a hue and cry about inefficiency in the Federal bureaus. He may threaten to bring about an investigation or hold up their requests for appropriations. Happy is the official who carries on his work without being harassed by Congressional fishing expeditions!

THE history of the Federal agencies that have dealt with veteran affairs is a story of investigation, reorganization, consolidation and change in personnel. The organized veterans are too powerful politically to be defied with impunity by any Government official. The result has been that the Veterans' Administration frequently has leaned over backwards in its eagerness to coöperate with the associations of ex-service men. This is clearly seen in the following quotation from the 1930 report of the Director:

> In the matter of extension of benefits to World War veterans, it was recognized that many veterans of the World War were becoming disabled from diseases and injuries which could not be directly traced to their military service, and that many of these veterans were in need. To meet this problem, the Director of the Veterans' Bureau and his assistants counseled with the appropriation committees of Congress to the end that a disability allowance was provided to veterans permanently disabled to an extent of 25% or more, without reference to their military service.

The Bureau here was acting in accord with similar demands made on Congress by the organized veterans.

The President's new deal has resulted in a direct contradiction of this policy. He has taken the determination of national policy with regard to veteran relief into his own hands. He has told Congress what to do for the ex-service men and Congress has been obeying his edicts rather than those of the American Legion and similar organizations. When Congress weakly surrendered the direction of policy concerning veteran benefits to those directly and selfishly interested, it inevitably followed that raids were made upon the Treasury.

Under present conditions the Legion's legislative lobby is of little importance. It will do effective work again when public indifference permits groups to demand favors from Congress and blocks of legislators rebel against Presidential leadership. But the lobbyists before the administrative officials are on the job constantly. They make friends in Congress by their service in pushing through the compensation claims of ex-soldiers who have appealed to their Senators or Representatives. They constantly add to their thousands of devoted followers by getting hospital treatment for unfortunate veterans, by securing pensions for widows, by delivering the insurance due beneficiaries. The people they help are often too ignorant or poor to help themselves, but their gratitude builds strong political support. The Legion has served to bring the benefits conferred by Congress to many who would otherwise never be reached. For every dollar expended in this administrative lob-

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bying, thirty-five dollars is secured from the Government in veteran claims successfully settled. The professional pension lawyer is put out of business and many old abuses thus avoided. The conduct of Government hospitals and the Veterans' Administration is under the intelligent scrutiny of those seeking the most for the ex-service men. The presence of the veterans' lobbyists in the administrative offices means that officials carry out to the full the benefits allowed by Congress.

But it likewise means steady pressure on the Veterans' Administration from a politically powerful and self-interested group to have the law interpreted in accordance with its own views. In the past this has often amounted to the administration of veteran legislation by the veterans themselves, and Mr. Taxpayer is made to hold the feed-bag. Organized minorities have not only dictated to Congress but also have dominated the civil servants. For the time being legislative lobbying has been checked, but the equally significant administrative lobbying continues. This situation has potentialities for good as well as for evil. The power of this organized minority may encourage the efficient and liberal care of the ex-service men, but it may also mean the subjecting of the Veterans' Administration to the influence of an unofficial and hence irresponsible private organization.

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A Strange Morning

By John Lineaweaver

A Story

None of us in the infirmary that time was really ill. Two of us — Tommy Chadwick and myself — had had slight stomach upsets, were now running normal temperatures and in a day or so, barring set-backs, would be released. A third — Winky Edwards — was recovering rapidly from a bilious attack. A fourth — Gummy Browning — had a broken vaccination scab. And the rest — Hank McCarthy, Woggles Dawson and Shorty Larkins — were no sicker.

The consequence was that all of us were regarding our incarceration as a holiday. Each morning, when we woke to hear the chapel bell ringing, we would tell each other cheerfully how lucky we were to be able to lie in bed; and at intervals throughout the day we would ask the nurse — Miss Farnum — what time it was, calculate the whereabouts and activities of our classmates at the given moment, and chuckle happily at the thought of their going through the dull drills of winter term exercise in the gym or perhaps yawning wearily through a dismal study period in Memorial Hall. In between times, when Miss Farnum was out of the room, there were quickly run off dressing carriage races, furtive wash-rag battles and constantly, perpetually, belching contests. It was a happy time.

Then, on the morning of my last day, an hour or so after we had had our breakfast trays, Miss Farnum appeared at the end of the ward looking very solemn for her, who was usually so professionally gay, and slightly worried. She folded her capable arms, unfolded them, cleared her throat and said:

"I want you all to be very quiet for a while. Dr. Jason is going to be on the other side of the wall, in the private room, and if he notices any undue racket there will be nothing for me to do but give you all misconduct marks."

And without waiting for any rejoinders, she turned about and left the room.

We were as quiet as she had asked us to be for a moment. Then Woggles Dawson gave a demonstration of his only discoverable talent. He pursed his astonishingly thick lips and blew through them, long and loud and clear. Every one except Gummy Browning, I noticed, laughed appreciatively. Hank McCarthy showed his appreciation by giving

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an imitation, which clearly was no more than that, however, for it lacked both the resonance and the realism of the original.

A moment later Miss Farnum appeared again. This time, without any preliminaries whatever, she said:

"Dr. Jason wants me to explain to you that we are using the private room for one of the boys who is seriously — very seriously — sick, and he expects you all to behave accordingly."

Then, as rapidly (and as mysteriously, it suddenly seemed to me) as she had appeared, she vanished, leaving us staring at the unusual spectacle of the closed folding doors. For myself, I know that I had never seen them closed before, and the sight made me acutely, irrationally, uncomfortable.

After a while Tommy Chadwick said:

"I didn't know they had any one in there."

"Neither did I," Hank McCarthy said.

"I did," Gummy Browning put in. "They brought him in last night. I woke up just as they were wheeling him down the hall. He — they had him on a stretcher sort of. And there was a lady with them. She — I couldn't be sure, but I thought she was crying."

WE ALL turned to look at Gummy. But for some reason — I suppose no one could have said why — the barrage of questions, which was entirely to have been expected, which in fact would have seemed normal, did not occur. Instead, after several more seconds' silent inspection of the witness, whose features were thoroughly familiar to us all and whose experience could scarcely have been expected to change them measurably, Tommy Chadwick offered musingly:

"I wonder who it is."

Gummy could not supply this item of information, and speculation on the part of the rest of us seemed useless.

"What do you think is the matter with him?" Shorty Larkins next asked.

This point seemed more likely to reward probing. We all began searching our minds diligently for the names of diseases we knew which were considered dangerous. Pneumonia was suggested, scarlet fever, typhoid (we had all had inoculations at the beginning of the term), small pox, appendicitis. . . .

"I bet it's measles," Hank McCarthy contributed.

"Measles aren't serious, foolish," Shorty Larkins replied.

"They are so," Hank defended his statement. "If you read they can make you blind."

"Horse-feathers, McCarthy," Shorty commented.

"Horse-feathers yourself, Larkins," Winky Edwards put in. "McCarthy is right. I've had them twice and they kept me in the dark both times."

"That's right," Woggles Dawson said. "They did me, too, when I had them."

"That was just so you'd sleep more, not because you'd get blind," Shorty said.

"It wasn't either," Woggles insisted. "My mother told me all about it and it was so I wouldn't get blind."

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"Well, I bet it isn't measles anyway," Shorty said.

"What'll you bet?" Hank leaped to the challenge.

"Why, I — I'll bet you five dollars."

Woggles gave a second, up-to-standard demonstration of his talent. "You haven't got five dollars to your name."

"That's what *you* say."

"Well, if you have you shouldn't. You get a black for having more than your allowance."

"You don't say so, Mr. Dawson?" Shorty intoned in a manner meant to suggest that of Mr. Yardley, the sarcastic mathematics teacher.

"Oh pipe down for God's sakes, you two!" Tommy said. "Give a guy a vacation!"

This was so unlike the even-tempered Chadwick, whom nothing ever troubled, that we all stopped talking to gape at him. He looked slightly flushed, sitting away from his bolster, perfectly upright. And as we stared I could detect from where I was, in the next bed, a vein beginning to darken peculiarly in his temple.

Winky Edwards, whose bed was at the far end of the room, was the first to reply. "Well, well," he said. "What gripeth the lordly Chadwick?"

Immediately Tommy turned around. "Who said that?" he demanded, and now his anger was unmistakable.

Winky also sat upright. "I did," he said. "What's it to you?"

I giggled nervously and Tommy turned to me. "You shut up and stay shut up, if you know what's good for you," he snapped.

"I guess he'll do as he feels like about that," Winky said from his end of the room. "I know I will."

Tommy faced him furiously again. "Oh you will, will you?" he said.

"Yes I will."

"Well, we'll see about that." Tommy tossed off the bed covers, threw his legs over the side of the bed and started down the room.

But before he reached his goal, the folding doors opened again and Miss Farnum stood there, taking in the situation in one outraged glance.

"Thomas Chadwick!" she said. "What are you doing out of bed without permission?"

Tommy stopped where he was, looked at her, and the color went rapidly out of his face.

"Answer me, Thomas," she said. "What are you doing out of bed?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Well, you march right back and get under those covers. The very idea! I just thought I heard something going on in here." She started toward him, then had another idea. "I think I'll just have Dr. Jason come in here and straighten you out before you're up to any more mischief. I certainly can't be bothered watching you boys this morning."

With that she went out again, neglecting to close the doors completely, and we got a brief disquieting glimpse of a second nurse — a small blonde woman whom we had never seen before — hurrying down the corridor with a tube and what looked like a cup attached to its end in her hands.

Before we had had a chance to weigh this turn of events, Dr. Jason

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appeared in the doorway. He was without his coat and the sleeves of his shirt were rolled back. His sparse hair, always immaculately brushed across the crown of his head, stuck out wildly in two wire-colored whisks, and his face was as flushed as Tommy's had been a while before. He placed his hands on his hips and rocked back and forth on his heels for an instant, looking us over.

"Miss Farnum tells me she has explained our situation this morning to you clearly," he said, "but that in spite of this you have been giving her trouble. That being the case, I shall give each one of you two misconduct marks, here and now. If I hear so much as a whistle out of you hereafter, I'll raise them to ten. Do you all understand?"

He gave a last withering look about the room. "I see you do," he finished, "and let me tell you that if one of you doesn't, the rest had better put him wise."

THE doors slid closed behind him and there was silence. Then a long low sigh escaped Hank McCarthy, followed by a heart-felt "Jimminy willikers — ten miskies!" Immediately some one at the far end of the room began to giggle.

Tommy sat up again. "For God's sakes, stop that," he hissed. "Do you want him to hear you, and get us all bounced out of school?"

"Hell yes," Shorty said. "Stop it. Stop it, Gummy, do you hear?"

But the giggling continued. It acquired more body; changed key, mounting higher. I, too, sat up and looked down the room. As I did so, Gummy disappeared beneath the covers. It struck me then that what I had taken for laughter was not laughter at all. It was weeping — but weeping of a different quality from any I had ever encountered before.

Almost simultaneously every one in the ward realized it. All of them sat up and looked — some in bewilderment, some in consternation — down the room at the figure heaving under the bed clothes. Little could be heard by this time, but what could be, from muffling, seemed all the more horrible.

No one spoke for what seemed to be hours. Finally Tommy said in a frightened voice:

"Maybe we ought to ring for Miss Farnum."

"No, no," Hank said. "Don't do that. They'll bounce us sure, if we do that."

"Well, we got to do something," Shorty said.

"Gummy," I suddenly heard myself calling. "Gummy, what's the matter? Brace up!"

And suddenly, spontaneously, every one was calling to Gummy to brace up. It began in whispers; passed rapidly to the stage-whisper tone; grew louder, louder. . . .

In the midst of it, somewhere near the climax, the doors slid open once more and Miss Farnum, cap slightly awry, breast heaving, rushed into the room.

"What in the world is going on in here now?" she cried. "What in the world — " She stopped, noticing Gummy. "Why, what's the matter with Robert?" She hurried across to his bedside and pulled down the covers. Gummy, weeping less noisily, but still obviously weeping, tried

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to pull them up again and, not succeeding, rolled over on to his stomach, burying his face in the pillow.

Miss Farnum, still clutching the covers, appealed to us. "What's the trouble?" she said. "What have you done to him? Is he sick?"

No one answered and she shook her head in half-hysterical helplessness. "I declare," she cried, "I don't know what I'm going to do with you today!" She grasped Gummy by the shoulders and attempted to turn him over. "Answer me, Robert," she begged. "What is the matter? What hurts you?"

The sobbing had by this time abated, a sense of outraged manhood partly taking its place. He lay staring blearily up at her, gulping, hatred in his eyes.

"Let me alone," he said suddenly. "Let me alone, you — you *devil!*"

She gazed at him, struck speechless for the moment by the sheer ferocity of his tone, then, regaining her forces turned back to us. Her voice, when she found it, was cold with anger. "I don't know what's the matter with him or any of you this morning," she said, "and I haven't time to stand here and drag it out of you!" She glanced again at Gummy, who still was glaring at her with a steady, smoldering rage in his eyes now. "Do you intend to explain yourself," she asked him, "or don't you?"

He did not answer, but continued meeting her glance straight on with that half-comic, half-frightening fire.

"I am speaking to you, Robert. Do you wish to explain yourself?"

He did not stir. Not so much as a quickly drawn breath escaped him.

"Very well," she snapped. "I've given you your chance. One black mark. As for the rest of you" — she swept the room clear with her words — "two more misconduct marks. And you're very fortunate it's no more. I declare, you all ought to be ashamed of yourselves. I — I'm nearly out of my mind this morning."

She averted her eyes abruptly and rushed from the room. This time the folding doors came to with a clatter.

For a long while after that no one stirred. Gummy continued making little hiccoughing noises for a time, but the intervals between them lengthened gradually, and soon there was no sound in the room but the flapping of a window blind in the slight, cold breeze of the late winter morning. It occurred to me that we all seemed to be waiting for something, listening for it; but what it was no one appeared to know. We lay as though becalmed.

Occasionally, as the half-hour passed, desultory conversations sprang up, only to lapse after a few grave sentences had been exchanged and then die out altogether. There was little life in these dialogues. They were oddly unreal to me, I remember, as if the ability to effect human contact had been taken from us. No one spoke of anything that had taken place that morning. By tacit consent the topics were kept on an impersonal plane (the prospects of the baseball team in the annual game with Fairfield, the impending alumni day and similar things), and no one so much as glanced at Gummy, who lay on his back with one arm thrown over his

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face as if asleep — but we knew that he wasn't asleep, that actually he was farther from sleep than any of us, for all his lack of animation; and that was very far indeed.

Finally Tommy Chadwick said:

"Does any one know what time it is? I'm getting hungry."

"So am I," Shorty Larkins chimed in.

"That bell that rang a couple of minutes ago was eleven-thirty, I think," Woggles Dawson contributed.

"I certainly hope it was," Tommy said. "I'm hungry as hell."

"I could eat a lion," Shorty said.

"I could eat some of that cold rump of buzzard we get for Monday lunch and like it," Tommy said.

We all laughed, but the laughter was a trifle shrill and it continued several seconds too long.

Then Tommy said: "No kidding, though. I *am* hungry. They ought to feed us more in here." And Woggles Dawson corroborated that statement with a firm "You said it!" And Hank McCarthy seconded Woggles. And pretty soon we all were in it:

"Me, too. How do they expect you to get well, if they don't feed you enough?"

"You said it. I haven't had enough to eat since I've been in here."

"Neither have I. They don't feed you enough to keep a canary alive."

"That meat we had last night was lousy."

"Wasn't it, though?"

"I wouldn't feed that meat to a cat."

"Prunes, rice pudding, milk toast: I'm so damn sick of it. . . ."

"I swear I don't feel as if I've had enough in my belly for a week."

"They ought to be told about it."

"Yeah. Try it and see what happens to you."

"No kidding, though, Winky's right. Our parents are paying plenty money for us to be in here. . . ."

Quickly, eagerly, we huddled around, warming ourselves at the communal fire. We managed to work up quite a sizeable indignation, but there was something false, unsound, a trifle overdone about it. We all realized this and tried the harder, remembering, however, to keep our voices within bounds.

In the thick of it, just as we were arriving at some sort of plan for drawing up a petition to present to the headmaster, the doors slid open and Miss Farnum appeared once more, carrying a large tray piled high with dishes and silver. Behind her shuffled the cook, a slight, white-haired Negro nicknamed Slow Joe, whose appearance was generally the signal for a loud exchange of traditional jokes. Today, however, he walked the length of the room without speaking or being spoken to. When he came abreast of me Miss Farnum halted and directed him to pass the dishes about among us.

"We haven't had time to do any fancy cooking today," she said. "You'll have to make shift with what we had on hand. There is ice cream, I suppose you'll all be glad to hear. But I sincerely hope you won't try to make your meal on it. Eat your spinach and carrots first."

Then she began moving in and out between the beds on my side of the room, pulling the blinds and plunging the wall into twilight.

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"I'm going to be extremely busy for a while longer," she said. "We all of us are. I want you all to stay in bed, however, just as if some one was here watching you. I don't know whether there's any use in appealing to you as boys of honor or not. But I'll tell you this — if Dr. Jason or I catch one of you out of bed" — she emphasized "one of you" and repeated it — "that one will be reported at once to the headmaster. He was over here for an hour or more this morning, and I can tell you he wasn't pleased with my report of your behavior one little bit."

By this time the cook had distributed the dishes and was wheeling the tea wagon out of the room. As he opened the door we all looked to see if we could glimpse anything; but the corridor was deserted, the heavy oak door of the private room was closed.

Then Miss Farnum followed the cook, and we were left to our own devices again.

"Goody, goody — ice cream," Shorty Larkins offered tentatively, but no one laughed.

Then Tommy Chadwick took his arms from under his covers, reached over the side of the bed, and placed his tray on his lap. He began lifting the tops from dishes and putting them on again and clattering silver. As though that were the signal, every one began doing likewise — every one, that is, except Gummy. He continued lying on his back with his arm shielding his face, whether from embarrassment, fear of our vengeance because of his having caused us misconduct marks or a remnant of his irrational outburst, I did not know.

But I was acutely conscious of him, and so, it appeared now, were the others. They kept glancing down the room, furtively at first, then, when nothing happened, more boldly. At last Woggles Dawson said gently:

"Gummy."

No answer.

"Gummy," Woggles repeated. "Aren't you going to eat any lunch?"

Still no answer.

"Well, if you aren't, may I have your ice cream?"

At that Gummy took his hands away from his face and peered at us. "No," he said, and quickly put them back again.

"Why not, for Pete's sake, if you don't want it?"

Gummy said nothing.

"Oh come on, Gummy," Woggles begged. "Don't be a Scotchy."

"Shut up, Dawson," Winky Edwards said. "Let him alone."

It happened that this was the feeling of all of us. We had been shocked as much, I believe, by the normalcy of Woggles's request under abnormal circumstances as by its apparent lack of sensibility, and we rushed to express our indignation. In the fewest of moments Woggles was the least popular member of our circle, and he continued to be for the following quarter hour. We would listen to no defense, accept no plea for recognition of rational conduct under stress. In the end he subsided into a sullen silence, and shortly thereafter we applied ourselves to our food.

It was just about as I was finishing that I heard a motor come rolling up the drive and stop at the back door of the building. I turned my

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head to discover again that the blinds had been drawn and that I therefore could see nothing. I heard the engine die down — a fairly powerful one from the sound of it — and a second later the sound of a man's voice. "Go easy with it," he said. Then a second voice asked: "Do you think the door's wide enough?" And a third answered: "Sure, if we take it sideways." This was followed by a variety of equivocal sounds, chief among which were what seemed to be heavy footfalls, causing crunching of gravel, grunts (was something being carried?), wood scraping against wood and finally the slam of a door.

We all stopped eating and looked at each other. And Hank McCarthy said:

"What in hell's going on, do you think?"

No one answered, but all turned their gaze to the shaded windows. Finally I offered:

"We could probably see, if we looked under the blinds."

I made no move to act on my suggestion, however, and neither did any one else. They all lay staring at the lowered blinds, again waiting for something, again listening for it, to be rewarded five minutes later, was it? — ten minutes, twenty; it doesn't matter — by the sound of movement on the other side of the wall, in the private room. There seemed to be a great moving about of furniture going on (I tried to remember what there was to move), then, suddenly, silence.

At last the back door opened once more. Once more there was crunching of gravel, wood scraping wood and the babble of voices. But this time the voices were somewhat subdued, and I could not catch any words. Some time later the engine was started, and shortly thereafter the car, the truck — whichever it was — rolled off down the drive. I went on lying rigid, forgetting to answer when Woggles Dawson spoke to me; and I did not raise my eyes when Miss Farnum entered the room and went about among us, raising the blinds again and gathering up the trays.

When I did glance up I saw that Gummy was half sitting up in his bed. And I heard him call softly:

"Miss Farnum."

"What is it, Robert?" she asked.

"Will — will you come over here a second? I want to ask you something. . . ."

She regarded him enigmatically for a moment. Then, still holding the trays, she walked over to the side of his bed. He struggled upright among the rumpled bed clothes, and for an instant it seemed that he was about to reach up and put his arms about her neck. He did not do so, however, and she leaned down to him. Wisps of her crisp, graying hair must have been brushing his cheek.

They remained that way for perhaps forty seconds. I saw Gummy's lips moving, phrasing his question. Then Miss Farnum straightened again. She kept her eyes on him, while her hand smoothed his forehead. At last I saw her rather than heard her say to him:

"Yes, that is the way it was, but I wouldn't think about it any more, if I were you. It's all over now. Try to think about something else."

She said that, or at least words to that effect, and then she began to

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busy herself, straightening Gummy's bed. She took the pillow from under his head, punched it and put it in place again. She lifted the covers and pulled at the sheet. And all the time Gummy, that expressionless look on his face, his eyes still red and swollen, his cheeks still gray, watched her.

When she had finished she straightened and looked at him again. He looked back at her. And then, suddenly, both of them began to smile — thinly, a little falsely, at first; then less self-consciously; and finally broadly, really. With Gummy it was as though a sudden rush of sunlight had fallen across his face.

So they kept on smiling, and I watched them, having no thoughts in my head particularly, and at last Miss Farnum turned and went out. I saw her go and saw also that the doors were left open now. I moved my head slightly and looked out of the window on the rolling bare landscape, then looked at Gummy again. He was still smiling. At any moment now it would burst into sound. I found myself waiting for it, praying that the suspense would not continue too long.

But before it came, before his silence was broken, some one else — Hank McCarthy — laughed. An instant later, emptily, from no other stimulus apparently than Hank's silly expression, Shorty Larkins followed suit. And at that I heard Gummy, and I, too, was seized.

Ten minutes later we were all chattering away, and it was the finest talk that I ever heard in my life.

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The Munitions Traffic

By Constance Drexel

Geneva begins to see a possibility of international control of the arms trade

The paradox of governments trying to stop the use of armed force in the Far East and in South America, while permitting their nationals to flood those areas with the means of waging war, seems at last to be forcing itself upon the human conscience.

In spite of the Shearer investigation of five years ago, documentary evidence proves that the American people and their Government have been singularly indifferent to the menace of permitting arms and munitions makers to inundate the world with their weapons of destruction. The request of President Hoover and of President Roosevelt for authority from Congress to clamp down an embargo on arms shipments to nations at war or on the eve of war is a feeble indication that public attention has been stirred in this direction. Yet it is about as useful a proceeding as locking the barn door after the horse has been stolen. A much more effective one will result if the Disarmament Conference succeeds in establishing a licensing system, full publicity of arms shipments and other methods of dealing with the evil at the source.

Let us examine what ground there is for the assertion that, in the efforts at Geneva since the World War to control the munitions business, the record of the United States is very black. It was M. René Viviani, when presiding at one of the early committee meetings studying the disarmament question at Geneva, in February, 1921, who said:

"Ah, gentlemen, had we met here in 1918, at the close of the World War, we would not have sat long without putting forward a motion for simultaneous and general disarmament, which would certainly have met with unanimous approval." Having been Prime Minister of France during and after the outbreak of the War in 1914, M. Viviani spoke with knowledge of the situation.

Yes, many of us who lived through the period can testify that had governments grappled with the disarmament question at the time of the Armistice, so convinced was a vast majority of people that the War had been caused by "militarism" — a militarism which the example of imperial Germany had obliged others to follow — that armies

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and navies and armament factories might have been abolished except for police forces necessary for domestic safety. In the wake of the destruction, and in the face of the dead, the War profiteers and munitions makers would not have dared obstruct the new order.

What the victorious powers did do was to impose disarmament clauses upon Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria, promising in the League Covenant to follow suit with their own reduction of armaments. What is more, the Treaty of Versailles took care of the destruction within three months of Germany's stocks of munitions, cannon, heavy artillery and armament factories.

Whereupon, they inserted two clauses into the League Covenant in which the members of the League promised to rectify "the evils of the private manufacture of munitions and implements of war" and to "entrust the League with the general supervision of the trade in arms and ammunition."

But what about the immediate problem — that of preventing the war stocks which the Allies had accumulated on fighting fronts through Europe and into Asia and Africa, from being used for armed conflicts again in various parts of the world? A special commission of the Peace Conference was put to work to study how this could be avoided and also how the machinery for supervising the armaments business in the future might be started. As a result, an arms traffic convention was signed at St. Germain-en-Laye on September 10, 1919. Representing the United States and signing for their Government were the Honorable Frank L. Polk, Under-Secretary of State, Henry White, ex-Ambassador, and General Tasker H. Bliss.

But the convention did not cause a ripple in this country. Even the New York *Times* passed it by. Turning back to the date of September 11, 1919, one fails to find it in the news. The front page has a long dispatch from Washington stating that the Treaty of Versailles with the League Covenant has been reported to the Senate from the Foreign Relations Committee and that Senator Lodge "denounces the League as a war promoter"; that was the headline. Another reads: "Wilson declares opponents twist Treaty meaning"—at the top of an article from North Dakota where President Wilson was speaking in his transcontinental tour trying to win support for the League. And a third was "Victory Parade on Fifth Avenue," with General Pershing at the head of troops returning from France. The Convention of St. Germain was ignored. Yet, the United States having proved itself an apparently inexhaustible source for the production of war supplies, this matter concerned that country more than any other and its adherence was a *sine qua non*.

The convention provided for three things. It prohibited the export of arms and munitions of war, save for certain exceptions to be allowed by the contracting parties by means of "export licenses to meet the requirements of their governments or those of the governments of any of the High Contracting Parties"; it provided for a central international office, under the control of the League of Nations, for the purpose

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of collecting information on the trade in arms, and it established certain prohibited zones, considered danger spots of the world, as in the Near East. It is to be noted that, with this convention unratified, the war stocks did filter through, and the Near East saw fire and bloodshed not long after. Some of the war stocks also might be traced through to China and South America.

EXPORT licenses and a central office for collecting information on where these arms were being shipped! Consider how different the story might be today if these had been in force all these years! Only now, in 1933, when American public opinion is at last being stirred in this direction, are these and other provisions likely to be enforced as one of the results of the Disarmament Conference at Geneva. And whose the fault for the long delay which has been a boon to profiteers in wholesale slaughter but the cause of misery for the rest of the human race?

When delegates to the first sessions of the League of Nations met at Geneva in 1920 and 1921, they were greatly disturbed by the non-ratification of this St. Germain Convention, especially by the United States. Anxious resolutions were passed, in consequence of which a letter of inquiry was sent to all governments.

But as this was the period when the United States was not only not represented at Geneva but when even communications from the League were ignored and left unanswered by the State Department, no reply was vouchsafed until July 29, 1922. A letter under this date stated that the Government found itself unable to approve the provisions of the convention or to give any assurance of its ratification. In this letter the Secretary of State called attention to the President's power to embargo arms shipments to any American country or in any country in which the United States exercises extraterritorial jurisdiction, if "conditions of domestic violence exist." In other words, in case of revolutions in Latin American countries, the United States reserved the right to forbid arms, or furnish arms to one side or another, as in revolutionary movements in Nicaragua or Mexico. But in cases of armed conflict between two states, such as between Bolivia and Paraguay, or Columbia and Peru, no embargo has been possible. That is the authority Congress has been asked for late in 1932 and in 1933. But as has already been observed, what is the use of such an embargo if nationals have been permitted for months past not only to supply military airplanes, guns, cannon, tanks, etc., but even to send agents to promote the sale of these engines of destruction?

At Geneva, meanwhile, where in the early days of the League the fight for the reduction of armaments struck at the root of the matter by trying to restrict and control the source of supply (as has been done with opium), a new commission was created to deal with this question. It was called the Temporary Mixed Commission, which had its first meeting in February, 1921, with M. Viviani as chairman. It continued in existence until 1924 and had among its members Lord Robert

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Cecil and Leon Jouhaux, Secretary-General of the French Federation of Labor.

On September 1, 1922, this Commission took note of the reply of the United States Government and decided that the question of a new convention on arms traffic must be reëxamined with a view to finding the basis of a possible collaboration with the United States.

The situation arising from the refusal of the United States to ratify the Convention of St. Germain was also discussed by the Third Assembly (1922) and its own Disarmament (Third) Commission. They passed a resolution calling upon the United States Government to express its objections to the St. Germain Convention and to state proposals indicating how they might be overcome. Furthermore, they instructed the Temporary Mixed Commission to prepare for a conference which would deal with both the international traffic in arms and private manufacture of arms.

Thereupon the President of the League Council sent a letter to the Secretary of State at Washington along the lines of this Assembly resolution. It enclosed reports of the committees dealing with this subject and minutes of their discussions. It appealed for the coöperation of the United States and showed plainly how much not only the control of the international traffic in arms but control of private manufacture of armaments depended upon action of such a vast manufacturing country as the United States. The letter was dated May 1, 1923.

Since the State Department had not even acknowledged receipt of the communication when the Council and the Fourth Assembly (1923) met in September, all decisions giving effect to the previous Assembly's resolution were delayed. Dated September 12, 1923, the reply reached Geneva just before the end of the session—in other words, over four months after the inquiry was sent to Washington.

Three reasons for refusing to accept the Convention of St. Germain were given. First, restriction of military supplies from the United States to Latin American countries. The United States Government complained that, while the "provisions controlling the traffic in arms and munitions of war left the signatory powers free not only to meet their own requirements in the territories subject to their jurisdiction and free to supply them with arms, but also to provide for supplying each other with arms and munitions to the full extent that they may see fit," yet the "contracting parties would be prohibited from selling arms and ammunitions to States *not* parties to the Convention." In short, this meant that the Government of the United States would be required to prevent shipment of military supplies to such Latin American countries as had not signed or adhered to the convention.

Next, the Government of the United States could not interfere with private arms-producing concerns. To quote:

"It should be observed also that the acceptance by the United States of an agreement of the nature and scope of the Convention of St. Germain would call for the enactment of legislation to make it oper-

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ative and particularly for the imposition of penalties applicable to private arms-producing concerns as a means of establishing an effective control. This Government is not in a position to undertake the enactment of such legislation."

Third, objection to contact with the League of Nations was expressed, for the note concluded:

"Finally, it may be observed that the provisions of the Convention relating to the League of Nations are so intertwined with the whole Convention as to make it impracticable for this Government to ratify, in view of the fact that it is not a Member of the League of Nations."

IN SPITE of this rebuff, the Assembly felt that it was the duty of the League of Nations to persevere. It asked the Temporary Mixed Commission to go ahead with a new convention to replace that of St. Germain and to invite the United States Government to appoint representatives to coöperate with the Commission in preparing a draft convention.

Therefore, an invitation was sent by the Council to Washington on December 14, 1923. It was accepted in a letter to the Secretary-General by Joseph Grew, Minister at Berne, dated February 2, 1924, two days before the date fixed for the opening of the Commission's meetings. Mr. Grew attended the meetings until he was appointed Under-Secretary of State, when he was replaced by his successor at Berne, Hugh Wilson. The meetings continued at various intervals until July 12, 1924.

On that date a draft convention for the supervision of the international traffic in arms and munitions of war was ready. That the proposed convention should also have dealt with manufacture of arms was the consensus in Geneva at the time. The Fourth Assembly in September, for instance, had recommended that both subjects should be considered.

The move was blocked by the United States. On February 6, 1924, we find Mr. Grew making an important statement for his Government which is reported in the official minutes as follows:

"Concerning the desirability of combining in one draft convention the two questions of the *control of the traffic in arms and the control of the private manufacture of arms and munitions*, Mr. Grew informed the Commission that his instructions did not authorize him to entertain any subject other than the *traffic in arms*. It was on this understanding that the United States accepted the invitation to send a representative to attend the meetings of the Commission."

That settled it. In spite of pathetic appeals by Jouhaux of France, Guerrero of Salvador and Sottile of Nicaragua, there was no longer question of including the manufacture of arms in the convention on trade or traffic in arms.

In the same statement, we find Mr. Grew again serving notice that the proposed central international office for the collection of information concerning this international traffic could not be connected with the League of Nations, whether the rest of the states preferred it that way or not. If so, the United States would not ratify. "This was the view to which the United States still

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adhered," said Mr. Grew, "and full consideration would have to be given to it in the preparation of any plan to which it might be found desirable that the United States should adhere."

And it was! The members of the committee turned themselves upside down and inside out giving "full consideration" to a plan for the organization of a central statistical office which would not antagonize the United States by being tied to the League of Nations, but which would be sufficiently under the League's wing to satisfy the fifty-odd governments who were members of the League and who did not propose to set up a lot of loose international offices for various and sundry purposes outside of the jurisdiction of the League, even to please the United States. The Permanent Advisory Commission for Military, Naval and Air Questions, which handles such technical details as defining what is war material and the difference between a pistol and a revolver, was also ever on the alert not to tread on the toes of Uncle Sam.

As a result in this new draft convention the central international office placed *under the control* of the League in the St. Germain Convention, became a central international office merely established by the Council of the League for the purpose of collecting and publishing documents of all kinds with regard to the trade in and the distribution of arms, munitions and implements of war.

This seemed satisfactory to Minister Grew and Minister Gibson, but not to Senator Theodore Burton when he arrived on the shores of Lake Léman to participate in the conference which was to draw up the final convention. That was the next year, and these long-drawn-out discussions are proof of the care with which the matter was approached. Senator Burton was assisted by several army and navy officers as experts.

To please Senator Burton, considerable time was consumed in figuring out whether it would be possible for governments to send their reports and statistics to the French Foreign Office, or to a special body chosen by governments, or to a board of selected ministers or ambassadors, some of whom might even be accredited at Berne, which is the capital of Switzerland and perilously near Geneva. Finally, after turning over the matter to a subcommittee of which Senator Burton was named chairman, the idea of a central office was discarded entirely. M. Jouhaux and other delegates expressed great sorrow at this decision, which they felt was a severe blow to the convention.

IT WILL be recalled that the United States Government objected to the St. Germain Convention because it forbade trade in arms with countries which were not parties to the convention, thus precluding the United States from supplying war materials to Latin American countries which had not ratified the convention. This was amended to please the United States. In the 1925 convention, the export of arms was permitted to any government recognized as such by the government of the exporting country (article 3), and in certain cases, to belligerents

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who had not yet acquired full government status.

Satisfaction to the United States point of view was also given in the delicate matter of the government of an exporting country in time of war. By the existing rules of international law, the neutrality of a state is not affected if a resident thereof, national or foreign, exports arms or munitions to a belligerent. For instance, during the period of the official neutrality of the United States Government in the World War, it was quite possible for its citizens and factories to reap large profits from arms and munitions and other supplies sold to one or both of the belligerents. Such transactions assume a new complexion, however, if, owing to an international convention, an export license becomes necessary. For this brings a government intervention in the transaction, involving questions of neutrality. The Commission, therefore, solved the difficulty by suspending certain provisions in time of war, thus allowing selling arms and munitions to belligerents.

Nevertheless, in spite of these and other changes made to please the United States, Senator Burton was not content and other changes were made by the Conference. Always at pains to win ratification by the Senate, in whose minds the League of Nations was a thing unclean, he tried to delete mention of that organization in the text of the convention.

Again the others bowed to the wishes of the nation across the seas. In the conference minutes of May 20, 1925, we find them accepting Senator Burton's amendment suppressing a clause in Article 27 which provided for the registration of certain agreements with the League of Nations. Article 28, providing for the League to publish an annual report on the operation of the convention, was omitted altogether, for Senator Burton objected:

"I move that Article 28 be struck out. It is of course possible that treaties should be published by the League of Nations as a mere matter of statistics, but the delegation from the United States would seriously object to the inclusion of this Article in the Convention proper."

Furthermore, he objected to the phrase in Article 30 "whether Members of the League or not," for he said: "The aim of this amendment is similar to that relating to Article 28 on which action has just been taken. It seems to me that the words quoted by the President should be omitted."

And they were.

Agreement reached, delegates of forty-four governments signed this, the 1925 Convention for the Supervision of the International Trade in Arms and Ammunition and in Implements of War (to give its full official title) on June 17, 1925. It took the place of the St. Germain Convention of 1919 and the Draft Convention of 1924. But this convention never has been in force because of insufficient ratifications. In the United States, transmitted to the Senate by the President on January 12, 1926, it is still pigeonholed in the Foreign Relations Committee without even having been discussed. Other governments have excused themselves by waiting for the United States whose adherence

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is necessary because she has proved herself to be the largest producer of supplies for war.

Meanwhile, the League of Nations has published a Yearbook on the Traffic in Arms, Ammunition and War Material. But without a licensing and publicity system, and gathered only from the inadequate and misleading statistics which are available, it is very incomplete and full of gaps. Moreover, shipments listed are over two years old, thus giving arms manufacturers time to flood the world before they are discovered. That is why embargoes on arms to nations already at war or on the verge of war are too late and preventive measures must be instituted long before that point is reached. The 1925 Traffic in Arms Convention controlled the situation in part.

THE more important phase of the problem — that of the evil effects of the private manufacture of arms as specified under Article 8 of the League Covenant, fared even worse. For up to the opening of the 1932 Disarmament Conference, not even a draft convention had been agreed upon. Not that the subject had been buried at Geneva. It began to be discussed in 1920 and when in 1924, largely because of the attitude of the United States, it was known that it could not be treated in the 1925 Convention, both the Temporary Mixed Commission and the League's Permanent Advisory Commission played with it.

Several proposals, especially by the workers' groups led by M. Jouhaux, were made. They wanted complete prohibition of private manufacture, thus aiming to abolish arming for profit. Failing that, they demanded strict control. After a heated session in 1921, they presented a stinging minority report which is resurrected now and again as a stern rebuke. It revealed many startling facts about armament rings and their methods of scaring public opinion into urging large government appropriations for military expenditures.

At the end of 1925, a Committee of Enquiry of Council Members, with Dr. Beneš as Chairman, laboriously worked up a questionnaire and sent it to governments. The United States, Soviet Russia and Turkey failed to reply.

Entirely out of patience, and led by a few valiant souls, the Seventh Assembly (1928) adopted its Third (Disarmament) Committee's resolution again calling attention of governments to the close connection between the question of the supervision of the private manufacture of arms and ammunition and of implements of war, and the international trade in these articles; it begged them to do something about the matter as soon as possible.

Instead of charging the Preparatory Commission of the Disarmament Conference which met on and off for several years, with the task, a Special Committee comprising representatives of each of the fourteen member governments of the Council was constituted. The United States was invited to coöperate and was represented most of the time. Acting upon instructions from Washington, this delegate kept raising the same objection already quoted against the St. Germain Convention,

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i.e., the inability of the Federal Government to agree to a system of restrictions against private manufacture because this would be interfering with private business interests which the Constitution places under the jurisdiction of the individual States of the Union. Thus agreement upon what is known as the 1929 Draft Convention on private manufacture was impossible.

This same reservation was again advanced at the present Disarmament Conference but was withdrawn by the United States delegate upon instructions from Washington on November 18, 1932.

It was only on July 23 that the conference placed manufacture of arms and their international traffic upon its agenda, including state as well as private factories. It was decided to constitute a special committee which began its work late in September. Led by Leon Jouhaux, who was back in the French delegation because of the victory of the Left in the French elections, the French again pressed for total abolition of private manufacture. Others proposed internationalization of all industries manufacturing arms and munitions of war. But such radical proposals were opposed by the majority, including the United States. What was likely to be adopted was incorporation into the disarmament treaty, which will come out of the present conference, of most of the provisions of the above 1925 and 1929 conventions.

But when Premier MacDonald presented the British Draft Convention late in March, nothing in it referred to armament industries or traffic therein. The excuse given was that the committee handling the subject had not reached agreement. What Mr. Norman H. Davis meant by "control," when he returned to the conference as President Roosevelt's Ambassador, referred to certain powers delegated to the new Permament Disarmament Commission which is expected to be born out of the conference. Among these is authority of investigation in case of infringement of the disarmament clauses of the proposed treaty.

Though this would be a check, the door would still be left open for certain forces to sabotage disarmament efforts and to keep up the system of preparation for war, in spite of pacts and treaties among nations. Under the guise of patriotism, defense and other catch words, they have succeeded in the United States alone in forcing an increase of 197 per cent in Government appropriations for military expenditures, from 1914 to 1931.

This is not only a moral, but an economic question. The searchlight of truth reveals that where arms and munitions are sold, especially if armed conflict results — the market is closed for automobiles, radios and other constructive articles of commerce. Indeed, getting rid of the munitions business is one of the main roads to peace and prosperity.

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The Inveterate Theatre-Goer

By Montrose J. Moses

Who pleads for a record of audiences, those essential, yet neglected, adjuncts of the drama

Some years ago I went to Boston to see a woman author of considerable distinction. When I reached my hotel, I telephoned to find out whether she could see me that afternoon if I called. A voice over the telephone retorted rather indignantly: "Don't you know Miss X always goes to the theatre on Thursday afternoon?" At first this bit of information amused me highly. My inclination was to answer that such important news had not yet reached New York. But something restrained me: there dawned upon me the consciousness that I had discovered a *bona fide* Inveterate Theatre-Goer. There was no snobbish social reason such as "Monday night at the opera" implies; there was no professional reason which keeps the dramatic critic slavishly at the job; there was an inbred habit, a well-established, time-honored observance, a state of mind which recognized the theatre as an essential need in life. In that city, which Henry James once characterized as a state of mind, I had found the state of mind of the Inveterate Theatre-Goer.

Examine the word *inveterate:* it means *firmly established, deep-rooted.* No two definitions are more foreign to our theatre condition than these. If our theatres were firmly established, if our love for the play was deep-rooted, we would then not despair of our entertainment; our managers, our actors, our playwrights would have a constant factor — a loyal audience — to rely upon. Maybe, this wouldn't be exciting, maybe the zest for experiment would be removed, maybe we would become too conventional — and has not progress in the theatre always come from rebellion against convention? I've never quite understood the phrase, "Organize your audience," unless it means, "Segregate your different tastes." The theatre has, in its past history, very rarely been a democratic institution; it has always flourished on class, and the people have seeped in as they might. The audiences of the Restoration were a family minority; those of Shakespeare's day — and unfortunately we have no first-hand comment about theatre-goers of that day — were of the Court. But, in the early Nineteenth Century, the complexion of audiences changed. When

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Edmund Kean, the actor, returned to his lodgings after a "first night," his wife enquired as to what Lord So-and-So thought of his performance. "Damn Lord So-and-So," exclaimed the sodden player, "the pit rose to me." I can see very little of human difference between Cruikshank's picturing of the Saloon at Covent Garden in London and the staircase at the Theatre Guild in New York during the entr'acte except that no artist has followed Cruikshank in the practice of pictorial satire.

But theatre-going, like acting, is an evanescent thing; even the dramatic critic must take it impressionistically. The time element in the delivery of his opinion impels him to treat the playhouse thus. Here one moment, gone the next! How accidental a theatre audience is: swung in mob psychology over the same play, and then out into the night to a thousand different homes and a thousand different interests — rich man, poor man, beggar-man, thief! Is there an historian of audiences? No, more's the pity, yet an audience is the very temper of the time: its tastes, its manners, its fashions, its thumbs up or thumbs down as to what the dramatist has written and the actor has done are the imperial and imperious court of appeal for the centuries of theatre history. Who has kept the record of their presence in the theatre? No one.

Yet audiences are typified by portraits of single men. We are told that the critic should aim to reflect a cross-section of the mental attitude of the crowd. In one sense "the press" can not be regarded as theatre-goers: they are diagnosticians, with a little bit of psychiatry thrown in. They occupy a certain anomalous position: they must be of the crowd, yet remain sufficiently aloof from it not to be swayed by it. But even though they go night after night to the play, they are not Inveterate Theatre-Goers. It is only when the latter become eccentric that the critic even notices them. The shirt front of "Diamond Jim" Brady smote them and drew comment as "news." What is Otto Kahn, shorn of his financial connections, but an Inveterate Theatre-Goer? If, in years to come, we should discover among Mr. Kahn's possessions a diary of his evenings at the theatre — all that he is in the financial history of Wall Street, all that he is in the international economic debates would fade before the fragmentary impressions of the players and plays of his day.

The fact of the matter is that our theatre audiences are now grown dumb; they are neither heralds nor are they heralded. What would we not give for the art of seeing our audiences as Samuel Pepys saw his in Restoration days: their slander gently hinted, their color daintily suggested. Perhaps such an historian needs the dilettante touch: our Nathaniel P. Willis of the Poe and *Mirror* era was such a constituted man. When Pepys went to the theatre, you were given his love for the actor Betterton, his snobbery at being in high society, his thrill at going behind stage, his disgust at the overpainting of the actresses, his watchful reporting on King Charles and his "ladies," and a wave of the hand of approval or dismissal of the

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play itself. He was no critic; he was a finnicky observer. On such matters of similar light weight the modern audience is silent. Even as we have lost the art of conversation, so have we lost our theatre curiosity. We go or we stay away: there is no social solidarity in our midst. Only the character of the play has the power of weaving us together. Occasionally you talk to your neighbor: if the two of you have paid too exorbitant a price for your seat from the speculator, for instance. Yet we have our theatre types now as we had them in the past, and they are being unrecorded. The recent vivid account of "Diamond Jim" Brady from the pen of Gilbert Seldes is one of the rare attempts I have met with to epitomize the simple psychology of the Inveterate Theatre-Goer.

The "first-nighter" can not be so designated; he is but a member of a claque or a clique; he wouldn't stay away from a first night, because it represents a hunt, a chase, a fight for survival. With a set jaw he comes to be amused. He was at the theatre last night with a set jaw to be amused. He is going to the theatre tomorrow night with a set jaw to be amused. What is he thinking? "The manager — what has he for us this time? The actor — how did he ever get cast in such a part! The scenic artist — let's hope he hasn't dimmed his lights so we can't see the stage. Howdy do, a rotten show last night, wasn't it? Here again, are you? They say that down in Baltimore, where it had its try-out, whole pages were rewritten." In this spirit the "first-nighters" come to see a play they haven't seen. No, these are not Inveterate Theatre-Goers. Thackeray might have handled them in print, for only by acidity can they be sketched. But we are mostly unresponsive to such human data!

Sometimes the news reports unconsciously paint the picture. I recall columns descriptive of the visit of a certain Prince to the Opera — a gala night, a revival of royalty on Broadway. Our social potentates scrambled into the opera house for the special performance of tidbits sprinkled among the lyric stars. People came to be seen; they set their tiaras straight, after a mad scramble to be seated, glittering like flashy chandeliers. Royalty left before the entire musical fare had been served up. Parvenuedom left also, thinking it the fashion! A singer refused to sing because the Prince had left before her "number." The last strains of music died to an almost empty house. Is it that our theatre audiences need to worship something in order to express animation, to come out of their silence? I went to a puppet-show one evening. The élite were there, jabbering, visiting, beckoning. Suddenly the audience rose *en masse*, spontaneously. I rose with them. I heard no *Star-Spangled Banner* playing! I saw no Prince of Wales, no President of the United States! "What is it?" I asked my neighbor. "There, there, it's Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks," he said excitedly. It was good to see his excitement.

The inconsistencies of taste! An audience thrills me because of this variety; and the theatre justifies itself by the extent to which it forces the individual to forget himself. The essential humanity of audiences is not very changeable. I read Pepys

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and can apply many of his vanities to the present age of theatre-going. Once I was sent seats for the opening performance in this country of Sacha Guitry. The ticket stubs had on them the stupendous figure of $27.50. My pride spread in gorgeous peacock feather display. Even my companion, who then was not a dramatic critic, which he afterwards became, thrilled with me. But we both were ruefully disturbed when, on reaching the theatre, we found a row of seats in front of us marked $49.50! Pepys recorded once that he saw four of his clerks in the Admiralty Office sitting in half-crown seats at the play, while he possessed only one at one shilling! Poor Pepys, we understood his feeling.

But that is not true theatre-going, which should have about it expectancy and affection. Sometimes you find a rare critic who shows excitement when the auditorium is dimmed and the footlights go up and the curtain trembles. Near the time of his retirement as a professional critic, William Hazlitt wrote about his "beloved corner" in the second circle of Covent Garden. "I would," he declared, "if I could, have it surrounded with a balustrade of gold, for it has been a place of delight." You overworked gentlemen of the press, do you feel the same about your recognized orchestra chairs? You have every right to say, Hazlitt's one theatre against our fifty! Times have changed. Even an Inveterate Theatre-Goer has the problem of choosing! A certain type of play will bring out an audience that usually does not go to the theatre. See how a Gilbert and Sullivan revival will lure the older generation from the fireside!

We have thick books about the theatre, but they fail to pay their proper respects to the emotions and vagaries of the audience. Our critics no longer think it lies within their province to describe what they see on the stage or who they see around them. The precise dress of the "first-nighter," the diamond headlight of Jim Brady's shirt front, the bejeweled stomacher of the social set, the silver-headed cane of a vivacious, bouncing dramatic critic: what should be the symbol of our regular audience? Journalism these days is not so casual. Those Inveterate Theatre-goers, Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, never failed, — either in letter or in conversation — to leave a human impression of the people in the play or in the audience. True it is, their criticisms attended strictly to business. And one can not complain that our present-day critics are laggards in this respect. There is an unforgettable picture I found in a letter written by Hunt to the poet, Shelley, the year after the latter had visited London in 1817. Shelley must have turned Inveterate Theatre-Goer on that visit. Hunt wrote him: "We looked up to your box, almost hoping to see a thin, patrician-looking cosmopolite yearning out upon us, and a sedate-faced young lady bending in a similar direction, with her great tablet of a forehead, and her white shoulders, unconscious of a crimson gown." No telling what a critic might be tempted to write were there a Shelley present now.

Of course Lamb wrote of the comedians of his day as though he had

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a love for them individually. And with immaculate care, he pictured them to the life, thumb-nail sketches that burn the memory with palpitant impression. In consequence, they loved him — those comedians of the era of Munden. For the night of his retirement from the stage, Munden gave Lamb and his sister Mary seats in the corner of the orchestra, close to the stage. Some friends had sent to Munden several tankards of porter to sustain the old man in his ordeal of farewell. And what happened? The actor slipped a tankard out to Lamb — yes, through the musician's door it came, while the benign face of the player beamed devotion on the shy little man in black whom the world now knows as Elia. I imagine, today, no critic would refuse a flask, were it suddenly to be thrust into his hands from the stage. Our new stage lighting guarantees a sufficiently dim light for the act of grace not to be discernible. But the critical profession is not held any longer in such high esteem; they might, with reason, doubt the quality of the drink!

Somehow, the theatre has ceased gripping the creative side of our social life. We go to the play, we see, but we are not entirely conquered. Charles Dickens was an Inveterate Theatre-Goer: his letters ring with enthusiasm. I believe he would have consigned his entire gallery of *Copperfield*, *Nickleby*, *Micawber*, *Pickwick* to the four winds for one successful play by himself. Nothing he loved better than the company of the players; nothing he adored more than the companionship of William Macready, the actor. After his conceited fashion, Macready, with his copious diaries, might be regarded as the Samuel Pepys of the early Victorian playhouse. The theatre is a bundle of nerves, a turmoil of clashing jealousies, a constant elbowing of others out of the way, a never-ending "they say" of theatrical news. Macready, like Pepys, was a diarist who joyed in such promiscuous detail: it showed the littleness of his nature, it hid for posterity some of the worth of his genius. Perhaps Walter Winchell is our jazz effort at that sort of thing! Perhaps F. P. A., the columnist — "our Mr. Pepys," as he calls himself — is indication that a commentator on audiences must move in small circles to observe their reactions. But I doubt whether Pepys and Macready would ever have been what they were in their diaries, if they had tried daily to syndicate their running commentary. Other times, other ways.

IT MAY be unfortunate that I am constantly reverting to the critic, but, after all, he is a human being, seated in the midst of an audience. Let us hope he has other interests besides the theatre that affect his life. We are given a glimpse of Hazlitt, slouching into a Charles Lamb evening at home, just come from the theatre. Does the slouch represent the depression created by a bad play? Not at all. Hazlitt was hard hit by the then recent defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo. There is here suggested some feeling of an active principle in the critic's life outside the theatre. When Heywood Broun slouched into the theatre after his defeat in a Congressional election, did his appearance represent the

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political turmoil of the campaigner weighing him down or just the natural bulk of the man?

The fact is we have lost the art of etching audiences. The Inveterate Theatre-Goer can only thus be preserved. I have seen "made-up" pictures of "first-nighters" at the old Wallack, at Charles Frohman's famous Empire Theatre. In their innumerable writings, did William Winter or Rankin Towse ever deign to give us one intimate glimpse of those with whom they sat nightly? Even Huneker has left us little of the kind. Judge Daly, in his life of his brother Augustin, mentions "first-nighters" in terms of the society editor of our papers, but the vividness of Daly's audience and green-room is fading because the memory of them is incomplete. There is one little book, written anonymously, called *The Diary of a Daly Débutante* which has some of the excitement and human value of Daly's Theatre, with its player heroes and heroines in flesh and blood. Very slim is such characterization in modern theatrical biography. To this day we hear in the theatre of the wonderful loyalty of audiences to Heinrich Conreid, who ran the Irving Place Theatre with a German repertory constantly held up as the beau ideal of a repertory theatre. Here was a large German family that, after a Fulda play, for instance, would gather at Lüchow's restaurant, on Fourteenth Street, in New York, to drink beer and to meet socially with the actors. We were living the simple days of New York so feelingly described by Huneker in his essays.

I would much rather read that Daniel Webster kept time with his foot to Jenny Lind's singing; I would much rather hear that a representative from Alabama cried out, during a concert in Washington by Ole Bull, to leave off playing the high-falutin selections on his fiddle and bear down hard on a simple folk song; I would much rather be made to see the audience cheering as Henry Clay entered the auditorium — than be given the statistics of theatre history on any or all such occasions. Yes, Pepys had a method of reporting that could well be kept in fashion.

We do not sit alone in the theatre. It is the contagion of neighbors that makes the spirit of theatre-going. Neighbors may irritate us, but they have their compensations. It has always been thus. Pepys one night at the play records: "I was sitting behind in a dark place; a lady spit backward upon me by a mistake, not seeing me; but after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled at it at all." Human reactions, human reactions! No, we do not spit these days at the theatre, but we do many things equally as reprehensible.

We must build up the pictures of our audiences as we may: we will find an inference here and another there: but no set attempt to preserve the auditorium living. On one of Henry Irving's numerous visits to America he wrote an article on audiences as he saw them. He was highly complimentary about us in his surface impressions. There was only one human possibility in this perfunctory sketch of our amiabilities. Irving claimed that on matinée days he was often delighted by the perfume of flowers that came to him

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across the footlights from the orchestra stalls! Maybe we are given to graces which need only to be sung by some theatre lyrist. That was exactly what Fanny Kemble noted way back in 1832 — the profusion of flowers "out front." But where is the Pepys to put the woman behind the orchids or gardenias in the audience?

It may be that our present life is not so constituted that the Inveterate Theatre-Goer can go immediately home from the theatre and make an entry in a diary — for diaries are out of style. We hear critics wail that even before the curtain drops on the final scene, they have to beat it — at least those on the morning papers have to beat it — to make ready their copy for the avaricious presses. I have often wondered whether Pepys wrote his diaries in shorthand because he didn't want his contemporaries to read what he confessed seeing, or because, by using shorthand, he could the quicker to bed.

Again I return to Hazlitt for confession: "The Drama is a subject of which we could give a very entertaining account once a month, if there were no plays acted all the year. As some artists have said of Nature, 'The theatre puts us out.' We like to be a hundred miles off from the Acted Drama in London." It may be that forty miles from Broadway, the glumness of the "first-nighter," Jim Brady, Mrs. Four Hundred and Walter Winchell drop into their places, and our present-day audience comes to life. How we look at it in the theatre is partly a matter of digestion. Perhaps "theatre audiences" are a matter of retrospection for the records. Let us profit by the candor of Pepys who claimed in one entry to his famous diary that "through my being out of order, it [the play] did not seem so good as at first." Theatre audiences, here one moment and gone the next!

Now the fate of theatre commentary is uncertain. If it is sentimental, it is regarded as an untrustworthy record. Yet sentiment has to enter into the kind of recording I plead for. Alexander Woollcott's *Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play* is memory playing upon fact; it is a reminiscence of his own reading coupled with his own interest in the theatre. The value of George Jean Nathan is largely bound up in his concern for a poster impression of what passes before his eye, in relation to a prodigious amount of knowledge and an exuberant exercise of satirical wit. Stark Young is a commentator who trembles before the flame of mysticism and passes by the human in his zeal for the spirit; he reduces his people to essences. Whenever Woollcott murmurs in his weekly articles he does so out of an intimate connection with the theatre. In his younger days Nathan went "slumming" — to use his expression — among audiences, and out of his approach has come the best impression of Broadway of the past that we have: an impressionism as Turneresque in its splashes of inconsistencies as are the beautiful reminiscent colors in Huneker's recollections of New York in *New Cosmopolis*.

Who will write the thing I am looking for in dramatic record? The quotations I have found in Hunt,

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in Hazlitt, in Lamb, have mostly been discovered in letters. I would, therefore, infer that the critic is not the man for my particular hobby. Letters are not the fashion in these days of journalistic realism; therefore we can't depend on letters, though in some future correspondence may be given us a host of clues to what sort of an audience we are. The newspapers crowd the subject out, unless a critic, like Brooks Atkinson, has the ability to suggest the subtle attitude of theatre-goers to the contemporary play under discussion. Essays are published through sufferance these days. And there may be some truth in the statement that the unsifted audience comprising a night at the theatre, an audience so rightly itemized by George Jean Nathan in its predominantly common elements, is too unpicturesque for picturing. But I contend that even as Dickens or Carlyle can make you realize the mob spirit of the French Revolution, so the mob audience needs its fictionist and historian. It is because no one preserved the record of audiences in Shakespeare's day, that scholars now are so handicapped in their impression of the theatre of Elizabeth's time.

I am merely calling for a new type of commentator, for a new sidelight on theatre history. I shall never forget my first impression of Percival Pollard's *Masks and Minstrels of New Germany* — a book one should not allow to be forgotten; or Stanislavsky's impressions of his Moscow company struggling for some understanding of Chekhov and his plays. Until Gilbert Seldes discovered for us fully our *Seven Lively Arts*, we failed to dig up for ourselves our own lively and lowly arts, which brought faintly before us the thunderous approval of battalions of soldiers who used to crowd the Harrigan Theatres to see the Mulligan series, or the frivolous crowds that used to pack Koster and Bial's Music Hall to get their vaudeville while they pinned the corks from their wine bottles into the ceiling and walls of the room. Those were the Inveterate Theatre-Goers of that era. The popularity of the plays can not be explained without them. Nor can you explain fully the abandon of jazz and the "blues" unless you understand the nervous tempo of the singers and the dancers who have responded to their rhythm.

I believe I am professorially correct when I say that the theatre is not a theatre without its audience. Popular taste is difficult without the populace; the *connaisseur* theatre must know something of the connoisseur. And even though Nathan did not write his *The Popular Theatre* with any idea of its being a source book for the future, he wrote into it a kind of realism that reflected the temper of the mob theatre.

We must, if possible, reconstruct from whatever bones we may pick up here and there, through casual comment, through correspondence, the Inveterate Theatre-Goer through the ages. Even if it is not the critic's business to record him, the Inveterate Theatre-Goer is a theatre phenomenon, just as much so as the actor, the play and the scene.

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Black Straws in the Wind

By Clarence E. Cason

At Scottsboro, as in the Civil War, the Negro is no more than a "convenient bone of contention"

In his charming essay "On Leaving the South" Mr. Howard Mumford Jones complains of the injustice with which a Southern lady appeared to hold him personally responsible for the loss of her family silverware during the Civil War. Presumably he rather felt expected to produce forks and spoons centuries old and deeply engraved from his vest pockets with an air of repentance. Allowing for the symbolism with which Mr. Jones expresses a tendency of Southern gentlefolk to look narrowly at prosperous Northern visitors, one may follow him with a counter grievance. Northern people of conscience too often regard the Southern man with the suspicion due one who has just lynched a Negro. Or they at least expect to catch a glimpse of frayed papers smelling of slave auctions in old portfolios of Southern travelers.

These vestigial remains of past difficulties, however much they may limit the bounds of agreeable conversation between old ladies from South Carolina and old gentlemen from Massachusetts, should not weigh too heavily upon the amenities. They are but ghosts.

Horace Greeley correctly described the Negro and his bondage as the *inciting* cause of the Civil War. While it was natural that the tremendous emotional upset incident to the 1860's should leave a deep imprint upon our national consciousness, we should by this time either return to a sense of reality or else confess a serious weakness in logical abilities. Less than a score of years after a deluge of anti-German war propaganda we find ourselves celebrating with reverence the career of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. At the same time, our psychology as touching the Negro is often represented in the North by the ringing march to liberty of Mr. Benét's *John Brown's Body* and in the South by the piteous moans of Mr. Bowers's *The Tragic Era*. So greatly has the effect of slavery propaganda outrun its intended purposes that any matter relating to present adjustment problems of the Negro has at once become a new *casus belli* between the unregenerate.

In America the Negro has always been a black straw in the wind. This figure applies in a double sense: as a symbol, he has indicated the

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force and direction of controversy between the sections; as a race, he has been thrust hither and yon by contrary emotional attitudes settling upon him as a convenient bone of contention. On the one hand, he has been a weather-vane; on the other, the ball in a polo contest. The very frequency of his appearance upon the scene of sectional and philosophical conflict has led the audience falsely to consider him one of the principal actors, instead of a part of the stage setting. This mistake has obscured fundamental issues of government, and it also has impeded seriously the progress of Negroes themselves.

CURRENT polemics over the Scottsboro case in Alabama afford an apt illustration of the utterly confusing bias on both sides. It will be remembered that a circuit court in the little hill-town of Scottsboro sentenced eight Negroes to be electrocuted on a charge of rape and that outside sympathizers questioned validity of the evidence in the case as well as the conduct of the trial. At once a flood of strongly-phrased messages began to pour in upon the trial judge, the Governor of Alabama, members of the State convict board, and the warden of Kilby Prison, where the Negro boys were confined. Such expressions as "legal lynching," "landlord bosses," "young workers' movement," "the reign of terror," "the rights of labor" — all very exotic and baffling language to officials so far removed from Union Square — stirred into being a fervid self-defense mechanism in Alabama.

In Montgomery the rumor spread that armed Negroes from Chicago were to arrive on a certain day to inaugurate a general race rebellion. The best editorial efforts of Mr. Grover C. Hall, of the *Advertiser*, soothed the dangerous flourishes of the more ignorant and excitable elements of the white population. Quarrels developed in New York between the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the International Labor Defense as to which of them should conduct efforts for a retrial. Mr. Walter F. White, writing in *Harper's*, accused the I.L.D. of attempting to stimulate labor uprisings by insuring the martyrdom of the eight Negro boys. A full-page drawing in *New Masses* shortly thereafter reciprocated with a similar charge against the N.A.A.C.P. In the light of results produced in Alabama, both these unpleasant imputations were partially justifiable.

Rival protective organizations vied with each other at gaining audiences with the bewildered Negro boys in Kilby Prison and with their dazed relatives on the outside. The *Labor Defender* appealed internationally for funds. The N.A.A.C.P. profferred the services of Mr. Clarence Darrow. Bernard Shaw, Thomas Mann and Albert Einstein pleaded for justice. Meanwhile Alabama boiled with indignation at these neo-Abolitionists — these "modern carpet-baggers" — these "vultures from the North." It must be noted parenthetically that juxtaposition of two powerfully developed persecution complexes is likely to prove explosive.

Juicy expectations of a second Dayton trial were rudely dashed

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when Mr. Darrow, after a visit to Alabama, withdrew from the case. The I.L.D. rejoiced. If there was to be no reënactment of Dayton, perhaps a repetition of the Sacco-Vanzetti episodes might still develop. The Scottsboro affair promised to be even more indigenously American than the fiasco involving Italians in Massachusetts. And there was a sex interest in addition. *New Masses* and the *Labor Defender* sensed a Roman holiday; a little removed, *The Nation* and *The New Republic* struck the drums and cymbals of freedom. Theodore Dreiser, John Dos Passos and Upton Sinclair seized their pens. Mr. Lincoln Steffens added his signature to an open letter. Meanwhile Alabama seethed with indignation.

Eleven months after the Scottsboro trial, lawyers for the eight Negro boys, behind the ægis of the International Labor Defense, presented an elaborately documented and carefully printed brief of eighty-nine pages to the Supreme Court of the State of Alabama. It strongly attacked the characters of the prosecution witnesses. The attorney general of Alabama filed a typewritten brief of twenty-seven pages. After due process the court denied the plea for a new trial, with a dissenting opinion by its chief justice.

If in final analysis a court of law must faithfully respond to the indubitably established public opinion within its jurisdiction, there can be no question as to the judgment rendered in this case. Beyond the technicalities of evidence and the flexibility of the law, there is often a profoundly imbedded system of folk culture which a tribunal can not ignore. This principle has been especially marked in cases involving Negroes in Southern courts since the Civil War. It is also extremely noteworthy that the tendency of the United States Supreme Court has been to uphold judgments of Southern courts in cases relating to possible infringements of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. In other words, the Supreme Court whenever possible has avoided a direct controversion of the definitely established will of the several States.

During the exciting competition between the champions of liberty, a reputable firm of Alabama lawyers offered to conduct an appeal for the condemned Negroes. But their voice was drowned in the hullabaloo. If they had been allowed to manage the case, an epochal moral victory might have been lost to the International Labor Defense, but the chances for Negroes to obtain justice in Southern courts might have been generally enlarged. Also, life just now might be somewhat brighter for the horror-stricken Negro boys in Kilby Prison. To all intents and purposes, the dispute concerning them rested upon the question of which side should fly its banner over their graves.

In the gruesome texture of the Scottsboro episode, as in the case of the theft of Southern family silverware attributed to Mr. Howard Mumford Jones's ancestors, it is necessary to make some refinements in blanket charges flung across the Potomac. Obviously not every Union soldier went beyond the rules of warfare in confiscating property of the Confederates, and it is just as

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clear that not all Confederates possessed any property in the first place. Only a certain class of Southerner would be willing to forget the splendid simplicity of General Grant's chivalry toward General Lee at Appomattox, one of the most striking and least emphasized acts of the Civil War. In fairness, therefore, elderly and impoverished Southern ladies should not have looked with suspicion upon Mr. Jones without having previously determined just what Yankees had stolen silverware, what silverware these had stolen and what Yankees had not stolen any anywhere.

With regard to the Negro controversy, a similar use of discrimination would clarify the issues. For instance, what people in the North customarily hurl abuses at the South for mistreating the Negro? No special genius is required to perceive that they are the same people who are constitutionally inclined toward social reform and toward the condemnation of supposed predatory vested interests wherever such may be found. They marched for Sacco and Vanzetti; they plead for Tom Mooney and for distressed humanity in the Harlan coal fields. Rather than a geographical locality, a definitive social philosophy identifies them. More conservative opinion in the North is likely to show its concern for the Negro by contributing funds toward his educational advancement in the South.

Likewise, accuracy demands that not every Southerner be tacitly condemned for mistreating the Negro. Before the guns of denunciation can be pointed with precision, those guilty of racial exploitation must be isolated from those who are not. So long as the matter remains one of blindly indiscriminate conflict between the sections, we shall be as far removed from the crux of the Negro problem as our emotionally aroused ancestors were in the days when *De Bowe's Review* thundered its pious justification of slavery to combat the sentimental force of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Paradoxically, the best interests of the Negroes themselves are often ignored in the imbroglios between rival bands of their professed benefactors.

Feeling toward the Negro in the South is remarkable for its diversity. In fact, nothing more immediately establishes the outlook and background of a Southern white man than his attitude toward the Negro. As a part of his mental heritage, the Southerner of plantation descent carries with him a definite sympathy for the Negro; his concern for the individual Negro's welfare, fixed by the habitual attitude of several generations, is almost a reflex. At his worst, the slave-owner was not unmindful of property worth a thousand dollars a head; at his best, he must have felt a human compassion at least comparable to that of Thaddeus Stevens. A warm and personal connection with black retainers is a part of the family tradition of those Southerners who are linked with the *ante-bellum* squirearchy. This relationship is so significant in the South that it is often simulated by white upstarts. While the authentic background of the plantation is not of advantage to the Negro in his more radical social aims, it is a potential guard for him against actual cruelty

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and flagrant injustice. Quite different is the false note of intense anxiety for the Negro sometimes struck by the Chamber of Commerce when labor shows migratory tendencies.

Mr. DuBose Heyward with accuracy, both in *Porgy* and *Mamba's Daughters*, portrays the Negroes of Cat Fish Row as seeking protection from their mean white exploiters by applying at the door of such people as *the* Wentworths of Charleston. When such authors as Roark Bradford, Paul Green, Julia Peterkin and Archibald Rutledge write of the Negro with a sympathetic and almost loving tenderness, they are representing with authenticity the Southerner of plantation ancestry.

CONTRASTING this attitude with that of the harsh and irresponsible ridicule heaped upon the Negro by Southern writers and speakers on an entirely different level, one realizes that conflicting attitudes toward the Negro furnish a revealing key to a strong class distinction between elements of the white race in the South. Regardless of how old-fashioned it may be to recognize social station in America, no one can pretend to understand the South unless he assumes the existence of enormous differences between the heritage and temper of the "poor whites" and the "quality."

Equal in importance to their poverty as a characteristic of the "poor whites" has been their pride. Years ago driven to the red clay hills and less fertile lowlands by the encroachment of the powerful landowners with slave labor, they have remained to this day a people harboring a bitter vindictiveness toward the squirearchy which injured them.

Many of their ancestors were Loyalists who refused to join the American patriots against King George; others, always detesting slavery as an enemy to their welfare, either fought on the Union side during the Civil War or refused to take part in the conflict at all; from Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century England they brought to the hills of Georgia and Carolina a suspicion of Catholics, a love of the ballad, and the English yeoman's concept of personal thrift and independence. Furthermore, they came to America expecting to prosper. Naturally their antagonism waxed against the landed Southern squires whom they properly identified with the American Revolution, with the tendency toward shiftlessness induced in both master and vassal under slavery, with their own economic frustration, and finally, if not with Catholicism, certainly with Episcopalianism, to them not far removed. Even the music of the plantation, minuet or spiritual, was unfriendly to their ears.

In view of these manifold grievances, it was inevitable that their outraged pride should seize upon a symbol; their indignation was not likely to remain a vague and abstract bitterness. Since the Negro appeared to be the most tangible barrier lying between disagreeable reality and their aspirations, the Negro to them became the symbol of their distress, the emblematic object of their animosity. They deeply felt that control and exploitation of the Negro defined the ascendancy of the Cavalier planters. Then came the Civil War, during which they peered from the hills upon the destruction of the

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aristocrats. Let no one fail to understand that the Emancipation Proclamation also freed the "poor whites." Their suffocated pride claimed its long-awaited retribution upon the Negro.

Successively under the regalia of such organizations as the Know-Nothing Party, the Populist movement, the Anti-Saloon League and the Klu Klux Klan, the originally underprivileged white people of the South, especially since 1890, have tasted political power from the Carolinas to Texas. Governor Bilbo, Cole Blease, Tom Heflin, Alf and Bob Taylor, "Ma" and "Pa" Ferguson, Senator Vardaman, Senator Huey P. Long and Governor Murray have typified the leadership of the Southern popular revolt. Fiercely belligerent, in many cases they have consolidated emotional prejudices against Negroes with telling effects at the polls. Triumphant slogans such as "White Supremacy" and "White Control" belong to the political rise of the "poor whites," who for a time were able to employ these self-exposing phrases to enlist the smoldering resentment of the landed classes against travesties of the Reconstruction period.

In the courts of justice they have held that "the white man makes the laws and rules the land"; and gnarled jurymen from the hills have seen the point. Occasionally in newspapers the fundamental ultimatum emerges: "You can't tell what will happen if a Negro finds out he can prosecute a white man in court." These, then, are the people who hold the Negro in thralldom in the South. Idealistic cries demanding justice and citizenship for the Negro, as in connection with the Scottsboro case, are directed against their usurped dominion. Challenged, they fight back with exaggerated audacity, for they know in their hearts that their glory even now is tarnished by lamentable abuse.

Although the extreme severity of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments was sufficient to explain immediate tactics toward evasion in the South of the 1870's, it nevertheless is indefensible for the South of today to permit guerilla warfare against the Negro by the less reputable part of its population. The Negro himself is completely innocent of any spleen attached to the offensive amendments; when they were framed he was, as always in America, a straw in the wind. Irrespective of the understandable roots and spreading branches of racial attitudes in the South, any deliberate civil or criminal injustice from which the Negro suffers is a reflection upon the integrity of Southern government; as such, it should not be tolerated. To those who believe that the *ante-bellum* Southern culture even partially justified its present glamorous reputation, there resides great hope in the fact that the contemporary descendants of it, regaining their feet after a crushing passage of arms, are now again in a position to take the field in their own province.

Meanwhile, let Southerners specifically designate when they pass accusations as to ancient thefts of silverware; and, by the same token, let Northerners not reproach the South for mistreating Negroes without telling what Southerners they mean.

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THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

IT IS difficult for the Landscaper to resist the temptation to go on writing more about life than about books, as he has been doing of late in the course of his travels. There are stories to be told, for example, of a visit to Natchez, Mississippi, where so much of the Old South is still preserved, where there are many houses that are museums from cellar to attic, and where so much history has been made in the past. Like New Orleans, Natchez has never been a truly American city, for it was once a Tory stronghold, and when the new-born nation was in its swaddling clothes, looked westward toward the dream of Aaron Burr rather than eastward toward the struggling little group of States from which the republic has grown. Its location on the Mississippi once made it a world-city, with ships from the ends of the earth tied up at the docks; it has been Indian, British, Spanish, French, Confederate, and it retains as unique a flavor as is to be found on this continent today.

Perhaps there will be a chance to come back to it, for the usual mid-summer dullness will descend upon the book business shortly, when publishers will not even be trying to persuade the customers to buy. . . . There are stories, too, of an altogether different variety, stories of a visit to a school for Negroes at Piney Woods, Mississippi, founded some twenty years ago by Laurence Jones, and at present, with all its difficulties and handicaps, as inspiring a place to visit as this traveler has had the good fortune to see anywhere. Jones fell early under the influence of the writings of Booker T. Washington, and his school follows closely the lines of Tuskegee in that its students are taught to use their hands as well as their heads. The present success of the work and the high regard with which its founder is regarded among both races is a tribute to a courage that has been nothing short of heroic. A book might be written about the school and the man who founded it; the Landscaper must pass on now with the comment that it ranks with Rollins College in Florida, already mentioned in these pages, as an educational experiment that may have permanent and far-reaching effect upon the school system of this country. One hopes it will, at any rate.

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Back to the Problems

THE world is still so full of pressing problems, however, in spite of the efforts of the Administration to dispose of them all in a few weeks, and there are so many timely books to talk about, it is better, perhaps, to return to our muttons, with the closing remark that this traveler, yielding nothing at all of his affection for Spain, and other far countries, realizes now better than ever before, after three months of touring in his native land, that there is plenty to see on this side of the Atlantic, and of a diversity and beauty that is simply astonishing.

Baiting literary prize committees is one of the favorite — and perfectly futile — occupations of all book reviewers, and this particular one has paid his respects in the past to some of the choices made by the Pulitzer committee, without any hope whatever of reform. So grave and obvious an injustice has been done this year, however, in the fiction award that it is hard to let the situation pass without some comment. The choice of T. S. Stribling's *The Store* for the novel prize was not perhaps so incredible as some of the past selections of the jury, for the book has its merits, and Mr. Stribling is an honest workman, who deserves credit for getting as far as he has without knowing anything more about writing than he does. But that the committee could pass by Ellen Glasgow's *The Sheltered Life* for the Stribling book would be beyond belief if the world were other than it is. There is no desire on the part of the Landscaper to make invidious comparisons, for between times of writing adventure stories to make a living, Mr. Stribling has turned out a number of good second-rate novels, whereas Miss Glasgow, always an artist, has stuck to her self-appointed task of reflecting the South as a part of the world with a loyalty and a devotion that should arouse admiration in the breast of even a prize committee member.

A Hopeless Situation

OR, IN other words, when books such as *Death Comes for the Archbishop* and *The Sheltered Life*, two of the novels of our lifetime that are as certain of survival as any books written in this period, can be passed by for the mediocre fiction that is crowned with the Pulitzer Prize committee's wreaths, there is nothing to do except to curse or weep. . . . There are certain absolutes in criticism, and even in the face of the opinions of one or two of the Young Intellectuals who had no suspicion of what Miss Glasgow was doing and did not, therefore, approve of her book at all, the Landscaper is quite willing to venture the assertion that *The Sheltered Life* is as near a first-rate piece of fiction as has ever been written in the United States.

There are cheerful things in a wicked and unjust world, however. The Modern Library is going ahead with its "Giant" series, which offers, without exception, the best book value the Landscaper knows of at the moment. The books sell for $1 apiece, and are both well bound and well printed. Three of the recent additions to the series, which is young, but bound to grow, are *The Complete Novels of Jane*

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Austen, the full text of G. F. Young's famous and fascinating *The Medici*, and *Twelve Famous Plays of the Restoration and the Eighteenth Century*, with an introduction by Cecil A. Moore. Among the earlier volumes was Gibbon's *Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire*, complete, for $2, which is about as remarkable a purchase as any book buyer could ever hope to find. The regular Modern Library editions are not being neglected, either, and recent editions here take in Emil Ludwig's *Napoleon*, Sinclair Lewis's *Arrowsmith*, the best novel Mr. Lewis has ever written or probably ever will write, a collection of Schnitzler's plays that takes in *Reigen* and *The Affairs of Anatole*, and an anthology of German short novels and stories ranging all the way from *The Sorrows of Werther* to Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice*. The editorial quality of this excellent series has been steadily maintained and improved, as has its physical appearance.

More About Utopia

NATURALLY the presses are kept busy with books about our problems. One of President Roosevelt's advisers, Rexford G. Tugwell, has made an interesting contribution to the list with his *The Industrial Discipline* (Columbia University Press, $2.50), which takes on added significance because it is evident that a good many of the theories outlined in it are going to be put into practice in this country before the present Administration is done with us. Mr. Tugwell is in favor of Federal control of pretty nearly everything, which sounds just fine until we reflect a little upon the kind and quality of government we have in this country and realize that Federal control can not work without a benevolent despot in the White House. Of course, this might improve matters, but it certainly is not the road we used to think we were traveling. However skeptical one may feel about Mr. Tugwell's constructive plan for making the country safe, and guaranteeing a living for every American, he writes well and interestingly, and his analysis of the situation with which we are faced at present is one of the best and clearest we have had from anybody. In short, he has written a highly valuable book; the Landscaper scoffs because he is a natural scoffer, and because he believes in his heart that Thoreau was perfectly right about the whole business, and that anybody who trusts his money, his happiness, or his person to bankers, politicians, or even college professors, deserves what he gets, and is very certain to get it in one way or another.

More About Technocracy

THERE is, of course, a slightly Technocratic slant to the Tugwell book — perhaps it is not necessary to explain about Technocracy, which was killed by the arrival of the jig-saw puzzle, and if any of us are still interested in the subject, Dutton's have reissued, with a new introduction and additional material, Frederick Soddy's *Wealth, Virtual Wealth, and Debt*, which may be bought for $2.50. This volume contains the thoughts of a great chemist about money, and he, like Mr. Tugwell, believes in a pretty thorough nationalization and control

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of industry and finance. Actually, metaphysicians are the only people who ought to be allowed to write about money, with the possible exception of Will Rogers, who summed up the situation not long ago with the broad general statement that any one who tried to explain the present monetary and economic situation ought to be taken straight to the booby hatch without any further preliminaries. This is no reflection, to be sure, upon the emiment gentlemen who write books on the subject, and who seem to have a clear grasp of everything right up to the point where their theories are introduced to the dear old human race. The Landscaper can not leave the subject of Technocracy without mentioning a take-off on the subject that is significant far beyond any interest in the individual book. It is called *The Crowning of Technocracy*, and John Lardner and Thomas Sugrue are its authors. If Ring's son John wrote the book, which seems likely, the country has reason to be grateful for the arrival of another humorist, and that, in this part of the world, is what might easily be called a Blessed Event. It is a really funny burlesque, funnier even than some of the articles written by the Technocrats themselves when their theories spread over the country like an epidemic and were promptly forgotten as soon as people had beer back again.

Less Work, More Money

ANOTHER thoughtful book, which takes its fundamental thesis from the teachings of the world-renowned economist and philosopher, Henry Ford, is *Balanced Employment* by Lee Sherman Chadwick (Macmillan, $2), Mr. Chadwick advocating the shortening of hours and the increasing of wages, so that consumption may be made to keep up with production. The catch in this delightful theory seems to the Landscaper to be this: suppose the people who are given more leisure and money spend their leisure and money in producing most of their foodstuffs and even some of the other things they need instead of using all their idle time non-productively and wastefully, where would we be? It's the old intangibles that get caught up in all this new-fangled machinery, and people might get tired going to a factory every day for only a few hours, especially if they did not care for the foreman's neckties. However, far be it from the Landscaper to seem to object to any system that is designed to cut down on labor and increase wages. On the contrary, it is just such a platform that could unite the peoples of the entire world, and they never seemed more in need of uniting than at the present moment.

Three small books recently published by Crowell touch upon various phases of some of the vexing problems we still have with us. One is *Europe and the American Tariff* by O. Fred Bouckle, in which Mr. Bouckle declares the tariff question will be taken care of by our growing independence of foreign markets; *The Eighteenth Amendment and Our Foreign Relations*, by Robert L. Jones, a study of the trouble we have had with other countries over our "noble experiment"; and *Degenerate Democracy*, by Henry S. McKee, which like most books of its kind, takes a good square look

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at the state of the nation and then sets about prescribing remedies for our many ailments.

About Our Corporations

ONE of the best of all the books on economics of recent publication is *The Modern Corporation and Private Property* by Adolf Berle, Jr. and Gardiner C. Means, both of the School of Law at Columbia. This is a thorough and intelligent study of actual conditions, based upon the fact that two hundred corporations control the country at present. These are listed and analyzed, and a picture presented that is dispassionate, but which would arouse any one to the need for devising some more satisfactory way of controlling industry than we have had in the past. Stuart Chase is one of many who have praised the Berle-Means volume, and the Landscaper joins in the chorus because there is plenty of sound information which is not topped off with the usual formulæ for fixing everything.

Other books on contemporary topics include Walter B. Pitkin's *The Consumer: His Nature and His Changing Habits* (McGraw-Hill, $4), which has some valuable information in it for advertising agencies, and winds up with a plea for more education as a way out, which doesn't sound as original as it might, when one comes to think of it; and *Recovery Through Revolution*, a symposium edited by Samuel Schmalhausen, and containing contributions from Robert Morse Lovett, Harold J. Laski, H. N. Brailsford, G. D. H. Cole, Gætano Salvemini, and many others. Like most symposia, including the many edited by Mr. Schmalhausen, it has several good chapters in it, and several poor ones. Where it gets us, the Landscaper doesn't even pretend to know, and certainly the contributors would be fighting among themselves in a few minutes if they were allowed to run the world, with Mr. Schmalhausen as a sort of director. Symposia make very strange bedfellows. . . .

Our Own Times

SEVERAL books have appeared recently that might be lumped under the general title of *Histories of the Events Leading Up to the Tragedy*, or, in other words, histories of our own times. One of the liveliest and most easily recommended of the lot is *Beginning the Twentieth Century: A History of the Generation That Made the War*, by Joseph Ward Swain (Norton, $4.75); somewhat on the style of the Mark Sullivan historical school. Another, Sir John Marriott's *The Evolution of Modern Europe*, covers the period from 1453 to 1932, and is a really excellent outline of how we got where we are. There are sixteen maps and three tables; the book is clearly and simply written and, while it will undoubtedly command the respect of the historians, is also a delightful piece of serious reading for any one with a wish to understand the present period.

An important addition to the History of American Life Series, published by Macmillan, is Arthur Meier Schlesinger's *The Rise of the City, 1878-1898*. This was the period when America was changing definitely from an agricultural to an industrial country, and since we are still suffering from the results of

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many of the conflicts that began at the time, the volume is unusually timely. The series as a whole is a fine example of modern historical writing, and destined to be a highly important contribution to the story of this country. Ten volumes have been published up to the present.

The Field of Fiction

A NUMBER of good and readable novels have appeared in recent weeks, although there are few of outstanding merit. One written to the Landscaper's own taste is *Mask of Silenus: A Novel about Socrates*, by Babette Deutsch (Simon and Schuster, $2), an admirable recreation of a period and an excellent character study as well, done with both style and insight. Miss Deutsch has made free use of the *Dialogues*, of course, and has followed history as closely as possible, but what is perhaps more important is that she has brought to life the most human of all the prophets. Simon and Schuster are also the publishers of *Little Man, What Now?* by Hans Fallada, which is one of the most moving and human of all the stories of the Great Depression, the account of the lives of a bookkeeper and his wife in the grip of economic circumstances. Their courage and humor in the face of every sort of trial makes a story that arouses the honest emotions, without being in the least sentimental. The scene is a long way from home, but this country has had its little bookkeepers and their wives by the hundreds, and Herr Fallada is fortunate enough to have hit upon a theme of universal interest. He has handled it admirably; if the inflation furnishes anybody with money enough to buy books, it is the Landscaper's opinion that this one will be widely read and enjoyed. Another side of the same picture may be found in *Man Wants But Little*, by Wilson Wright (Albert and Charles Boni, $2), which is the story of a Spaniard whom fate takes to Cuba. There in the midst of industrial turmoil and political unrest, he clings fast to his peasant ideas, and resists change with a stubbornness that is native to the Spanish country man. One man's hard fight against a system makes a good drama, and besides there is a well-done background of Cuban life and character, which Mr. Wright seems to understand thoroughly. Certainly his Spanish peasant is admirably done.

The Early Franciscans

A WATCH IN THE DARK by Helen C. White (Macmillan, $2) is a long and well written historical novel of the time of Jacopone da Todi, with its background the early struggles of the Franciscans. Miss White writes with sympathy and insight of the mystics of the period and the story was ready to her hand, ending, of course, in the death of her hero, a martyr to the plague. The subject-matter is off the beaten path, but the novel is one of the best of the current offerings from a point of view of literary quality. A fine American novel, done with a sure hand, and solid in its merit, is Ruth Comfort Mitchell's *The Legend of Susan Anne* (Appleton, $2), the story of a New England girl who goes to California when it is a Spanish province, and there falls in love with a handsome young Span-

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iard. When her New England sweetheart arrives, she has a hard choice to make, but the ending is satisfactory. California, with its "Legislature of a Thousand Drinks" makes an excellent background. Fresh from exploration of the Spanish influence in Florida and in the Mississippi River town of Natchez, the Landscaper felt an especial sympathy with this novel, but it should have an appeal not at all dependent upon anything extraneous.

The Changing South

GERALD W. JOHNSON, whose novel *By Reason of Strength* the Landscaper admired so much a season or two ago, and still considers one of the most inspiring of contemporary pieces of fiction — it is a story of Scotch-Irish hardihood under pioneer conditions — has written another good book in *Number Thirty-Six* (Minton, Balch, $2). This is the story of Rogersville, North Carolina, in the 'Nineties, when the arrival of "Thirty-Six" was the most important event of the day, and symbolized the contact of the town with the world without. The changing town and the rise of the problems that confront the South at present make the story, which is well handled, although not up to the mark of the earlier book, which had a dominant female character in it who was unforgettable. Mr. Johnson, whose biographies have also been much admired, seems to possess a great diversity of talent.

A handful of novels that deal with contemporary themes includes Evans Wall's *Danger* (Macaulay, $2), which is more or less of a sermon in favor of early marriage; *Uncle Peel* by Irving Bacheller (Stokes, $2), the story of the Florida boom again and the devastating effect of suddenly acquired wealth, also a defense of Florida itself and of the Florida people; *Idle Husband* by Mary Alden Hopkins (McBride, $2), which shows what happens when a woman with a large salary takes too good care of a handsome husband; and *The Brass Cannon* by Charles Allen Smart, the author of *New England Holiday*, and a slight book which does not by a good deal come up to the promise of its predecessor. It is the story of a man who did not believe in marriage, and a girl who did not believe in love, but wanted a wedding ring for security.

Conrad Aiken's Novel

CONRAD AIKEN'S *Great Circle* (Scribner, $2) is the life story of a man told by the stream of consciousness method, which Mr. Aiken handles effectively. It is muddy in spots, however, and hardly any more important than scores of other novels of a similar nature that have appeared in recent years. Mr. Aiken is a short story writer of great power, in addition to being a good poet; he is far less at home in the novel. *Sing Before Breakfast* by Vincent McHugh (Simon and Schuster, $2) is a clever novel of Cape Cod folk, Carey, an artist, his Yankee sweetheart, Julie, Pardon, a Spanish-Yankee, and Genoa, rich and robust and passionate. The tone is one of light-hearted satire, well-sustained, the characters are credible and the background good. In fact, this is one of the most attractive of the current fiction offerings.

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Some Good Biographies

THERE are some biographies of recent publication that are good enough to cause excitement, and one of the finest of the lot is Stephen Graham's *Ivan the Terrible* (Yale University Press, $3), which is a splendidly colorful and dramatic tale of Sixteenth Century Russia, as well as a striking portrait of a great ruler. An important addition to the Tolstoy story comes from the same press in the form of *The Tragedy of Tolstoy* by Countess Alexandra Tolstoy ($3), the youngest daughter, the tale of those last years when Tolstoy had quarreled with his wife, who evidently found him impossible to live with for a number of reasons, not the least his followers, and when he finally fled from home at the age of eighty-three. It was a hard struggle between high ideals and inner and outer circumstance, and while tragedy came out of it, there was comedy enough of an ironic sort, too.

The most interesting American biography of recent publication is a really first-rate study of Joseph Smith called *Joseph Smith: An American Prophet*, by John Henry Evans (Macmillan, $4), less a biography actually than an interpretation and evaluation, but a good solid book about the founder of one of America's most important religious sects. Mr. Evans writes judicially, although he admits a bias in Smith's direction; he has also done a good history of the Mormon movement, itself one of the most dramatic episodes in the history of the West. It happens, too, that this is the first full-length study of Smith to be written out of a desire for historical accuracy.

The Barton Lincoln

A NEW edition of William Barton's great life of Abraham Lincoln has recently been published by Bobbs-Merrill, Dr. Barton's friend and fellow-Lincoln scholar, William H. Townsend having finished the last three chapters which were yet to be done at the death of the author. This is, of course, one of the best of American biographies, a book that is not at least likely to be replaced, no matter how many new lives of Lincoln may find their way into the field as the years pass. Another book of interest to students of Americana is a re-issue, with important additions, of the Mary Austin Holley letters (1748–1846) by the Southwest University Press. The letters give an excellent picture of life in the Southwest during the period covered and have been carefully edited.

The Odyssey of Cabeza de Vaca by Morris Bishop (Century, $3) is another good American book, even if the hero did come from the little town of Jerez de Frontera in Spain. Cabeza de Vaca and Bartoleme de las Casas, two great men, go far to balance the scales when the Spanish conquistador is represented as the devil in human form. Cabeza de Vaca became a sort of god to the Indians among whom he lived as a captive, and died an heroic failure, the proper fate of a god-man. Mr. Bishop has done well by this story, which is full of adventure of course, and full, too, of the spirit of a man who was a great humanitarian. They come to life in every age and in every

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country, these Good Men; if they did not our despair about the race in general might be even more profound than it is.

By Sea and Land

THE field of travel and adventure offers some excellent books at present, notable among them another story of the sea by Alan Villiers, *Grain Race*, which is an account of the voyage of the bark *Parma*, now owned by Mr. Villiers in partnership with Captain Reuben de Cloux. Scribner is the publisher and the price is $3. There are some of the finest illustrations Mr. Villiers has ever offered, and the tale itself is done with a charming simplicity; indeed, like Mr. Villier's *Falmouth for Orders* and *By Way of Cape Horn*, *Grain Race* has every chance of becoming a sea classic. *Parma* is on her way home again as this is being written, due in Falmouth sometime in June, and while Mr. Villiers does not expect to do another account of the voyage, he hopes to make a motion picture of a sea passage that ought to be a rare treat to all the people left in the world who love sailing ships and the sea that bears them.

Another adventure of a different sort was a ten-thousand mile ride on horseback, which is described in *Tschiffely's Ride*, by A. F. Tschiffely (Simon and Schuster, $3), with a preface by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Tschiffely used two horses in his jaunt, which took him from Buenos Aires to Washington, D. C., Mancha and Gato. Both were sixteen years old when they started and the trip took three years; at the end of it they were sent back to loaf the rest of their days in Argentina, and they deserved it. Of course, a horseback ride of ten thousand miles appeals to the Landscaper as the most delightful possible adventure, but aside from personal prejudice, this Odyssey of a schoolmaster is a book worth reading.

Other Far-Off Places

OTHER recent books about far-away places that are worth mentioning are *Life and Death in Luzon: Thirty Years of Adventure With the Philippine Headhunters*, by Samuel E. Kane (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50), the remarkable story of a remarkable man, filled with information concerning strange customs; *Red Sea Nights*, by William J. Makin (McBride, $3), a newspaperman's account of his travels through the Near East; and of much greater use to traveling Americans, for it is a practical guide book, as well as a delightful volume to read, S. P. B. Mais's *The Unknown Island* (Putnam, $3.50), which has a number of maps and illustrations, and which reveals much about England, Scotland and Wales that the casual traveler might never know. Then there is a small book on South America by André Siegfried, whose *America Comes of Age* has been so often mentioned in this department, which is admirable, and as might be expected from Siegfried, intelligent and penetrating. It is the account of a journey through Venezuela, Peru, Chile, Argentina, and Brazil. Edmond Fleg's *The Land of Promise* (Macaulay) is much more than a travel book; it is the expression of a Jew's delight with what he discovered when he went to the Holy

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Land to write a life of Christ. There is an introduction by Ludwig Lewisohn, and the translation is by Mrs. Stephen D. Wise. This is a book of unusual literary merit, in addition to being a fine account of what is going on in the Jewish homeland.

Intellectual Adventure

IN THE way of intellectual adventure, there is a new book by Sir Arthur Eddington, called *The Expanding Universe* (Macmillan, $2), which is guaranteed to stretch the muscles of the mind, and Alfred North Whitehead's *Adventures of Ideas* (Macmillan, $3.50), a sort of history of the human race in terms of its changing ideas, is also excellent mental gymnastics. An extremely useful book is Sidney Hook's *Towards the Understanding of Karl Marx* (John Day), a simple, clear interpretation not only of the Marxian teachings, but also of the whole history of the Marxian movement, in short, a book to supply any intelligent reader with enough information about Marx to discuss The Revolution.

Mr. Cabell's Correspondence

THERE is no classification for one of the most delightful books the Landscaper has read lately, which is Branch Cabell's *Special Delivery* (McBride, $2.50), which is a book made up of an author's correspondence with his admirers. The letters actually sent in answer to some of the idiotic queries that arrive by every mail are printed along with the letter Mr. Cabell would have liked to write. . . . This is Mr. Cabell in his best vein, and no one who has ever had anything to do with the literary game can fail to enjoy it; although if the Virginian had any idea it would make his fan mail any lighter, he is completely mistaken. The people who need to read it will never hear of it; even sadder is the fact that the people who could enjoy it will probably be deprived of that privilege by the economic situation.

It is a pleasure to record the fact that a volume of verse, *Glory of Earth*, by Anderson M. Scruggs, a contributor to the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, has recently been published by the Oglethorpe University Press. The Landscaper wishes there were space left for a more detailed review, but must be content with the observation that Mr. Scruggs, whose work has already been widely recognized, is a sonneteer of unusual skill and grace, and a poet otherwise, of genuine attainments.

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